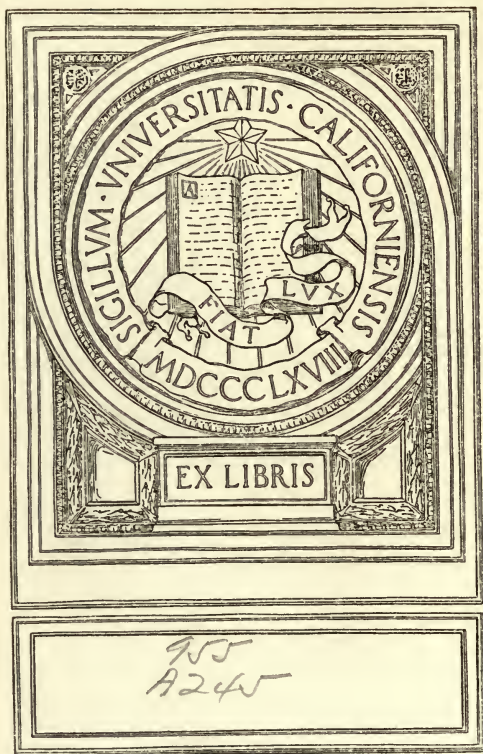




ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS





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[See p. 107

"ALMOST INSTANTLY LAWSON FIRED UPWARD AT
RANDOM"

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

BY

PHILIP V. MIGHELS, W. O. STODDARD
MAJOR G. B. DAVIS, U.S.A.
FRANCES McELRATH
AND OTHERS

ILLUSTRATED



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CONTENTS

I

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR
A Two-dollar Indian
BY PHILIP V. MIGHELS

II

BUSTER BILL
The Boy Hero of the Camp
BY MAY COOPER

III

"PUNK" ON THE RESERVATION
How a Kiowa Boy Turned "Paleface"
BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

IV

ONE LITTLE INDIAN
A Story of the Sioux
BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

V

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT
The Hero of an Apache Raid
BY MAJOR G. B. DAVIS, U. S. A.

iii

909905

CONTENTS

VI

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

Standing off the "Red Men"

BY PAUL HULL

VII

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

A Cheyenne Boy's Revenge

BY FRANCES McELRATH

VIII

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

The Triumph of White Light

BY FRANCES McELRATH

IX

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

A Story of the Senecas

BY G. T. FERRIS

X

A HOME-RUN IN INDIANA

A Tale of the Early Indian Days

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK

XI

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

A Girl's Adventure with the Seminoles

BY GEORGE H. COOMER

CONTENTS

XII

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

A Tale of the Montagnais in Canada

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE

XIII

FISH HAWK

The Story of a Day's Fishing


BY E. B. KNERR



ILLUSTRATIONS

"ALMOST INSTANTLY LAWSON FIRED UPWARD AT RANDOM"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"THE MOST COMPLETE SPECIMEN OF A WILD BOY YOU EVER SAW' "	<i>Facing p.</i> 54
THE REPULSE OF THE PRACTICAL JOKERS	" 120
"DID ANYTHING BITE YOU, BLUEBIRD?' HE SAID, HOARSELY"	" 140
MA-ZA-RI-TA LED THE CHANT AS THEY ADVANCED ABOUT THE PILLAR	" 166
"HE FELL AT STEPHEN'S FEET, MORTALLY WOUNDED"	" 192
"WELCOME HOME, GOLDEN HORN!" HIS UNCLE SHOUTED"	" 220
AS THE SUN WAS RISING, FISH-HAWK PRAYED TO WAKANDA	" 224

INTRODUCTION

HE wide range and diversified interest of these pictures of adventures with Indians give this book a distinctive character. Of thrilling struggles for life—in which the wit and courage of the white man were pitted against the cunning and fierce instinct of the red—there is no lack; and the dramatic quality of heroic deeds, like Lawson's fight against the Apaches, will absorb the attention of every reader. But there are, also, stories full of humor, like Mr. Mighel's charming tale, and Mr. Stoddard's "Punk"; stories of loyalty and devotion, like Miss Cooper's touching "Buster Bill," and historical tales, like "A Home-run in Indiana," which is in itself an illustration of pioneer life in the Middle West. A newer phase of Indian life

INTRODUCTION

is suggested in Miss McElrath's story of the aid which an Indian girl, educated at Carlisle, brought to her people—an aid more significant than the prowess of the warriors whom Carlisle sends annually to the football field.

Not only in subjects, but in the variety of the Indians, who play their parts in these pages, the range of this book is exceptionally broad and informing. The Piutes, of the Rocky Mountains; the Apaches, of the Southwest; the Kiowas, who once ranged through Kansas; the warlike Sioux, who overwhelmed Custer by force of numbers; the brave Cheyennes, of the great plains; and the Montagnais, of Canada, are among the tribes which pass before us, while in the tales of earlier history which close the book we meet the Senecas, of the Iroquois days in New York, and the Seminoles, of Florida.


While this book is fiction for the most part, certain of the stories, like "Lawson's Investment," are largely fact, and others are founded upon actual incidents. In these pages may be found not only stirring tales

INTRODUCTION

of ambush, battle, and adventure, but also suggestive glimpses of Indian life and character, and some outline of the varied phases of the relations of white men and red, as the former have pushed onward to complete the conquest of the continent.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS






ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

A Two-dollar Indian

 HERE were seven kinds of Indians at the back of the largest hotel of the Western town—dirty and dirtier, which is two; young and old, which is four; male and female, making six; and one little clean pappoose. This latter tiny bit of aboriginal humanity was a chubby, round-faced, bright-eyed little tike, with the blackest of hair and the most bronze of complexions. He was playing around alone, inside a close high board fence at the rear of the large hotel, his only shirt cut off

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

at the knees, displaying a fat, brownish pair of dimpled legs that were warm enough in spite of the fact of their bareness in the chilling air.

Presently around the corner came a trotting, smiling Chinaman, a vender of vegetables. A long, slender pole, carved flat and tapering towards the ends, was balanced on his shoulder, and from either end, suspended by a bridle composed of four strings, hung a huge bamboo basket.

As he halted within the gate of the high board fence he lightly swung the receptacles to earth, rested his polished pole conveniently near, lifted a mat containing the day's supplies for the cook within, and carried it off to the kitchen.

Now it not very strangely befell that the vender of vegetables lingered a time in the kitchen, for that exceedingly tempting and savory seat of government was under the personal direction of another little yellow man, who called his countryman "Wong," and gave him to drink of tea. While the two engaged each other with inharmonious

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

gutturals, a dusky cranium and equally dusky countenance came poking out from another door. Its owner was the negro porter, a grinning fellow, whose mania for jokes of the "practical" description was developed to a degree positively unhealthy. No sooner had he made himself certain that the yard was free of observers, and occupied alone by the wee pappoose, than he stealthily slipped from his place, and grabbed the scared little fellow by the tail of his wholly inadequate shirt.

The eyes of the miniature savage were apparently frozen wide open in an instant, while paralysis made him utterly stoical and dumb. The Chinaman's basket had a shallow tray in the top filled with beets; then an inside receptacle, also shallow, filled with celery. Below this last were cabbages, down in the bottom. These extra insides the negro quickly lifted out with his unemployed hand; then a couple of the cabbages, as large together as the wee pappoose, came forth with a jerk. In a second more the silent Indian baby had been dropped within the basket,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

the various trays had been properly replaced, and the darky had rapidly hopped through the open door with his cabbages, doubling himself like a nut-cracker and stretching his face in violent but silent laughter.

Out came Wong, beaming with the radiance of tea well swallowed. He rearranged



his pole, bent his stout Mongolian back, straightened up, lifting his baskets, balanced them neatly, and trotted away with the frightened baby Indian, but quite oblivious that such a lively vegetable ever was grown.

Wong went singing up the street, or rather humming away about a "feast of lanterns,"

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

and thinking how soon he would be enabled to purchase a wagon.

"Good-molling," he said, as he stopped at last at the rear of one of the most imposing houses. "Velly fine molling."

"Good-morning, Wong. It's a little bit chilly," said a gray-haired woman wearing glasses, rubbing her hands.

"Oh yeh, him feel lill bit chilly."

"What you got this morning?" she inquired.

"Oh, for callot, for cell'ly—velly nice for cell'ly—for turnip, for squash, any kine." Then, as she hesitated, "Potatee?—for ahple?—for cabbageee? Oh, lots um good kine, I tink."

She took a squash. "Did you say cabbage, Wong?"

"Oh yeh." He began at once to lift the tray. Next he hoisted forth the shallow inside basket and reached for a cabbage.

"Ki! yi!" he yelled. "Sumin-ah-got, yu nee mah! Kow long hop ti! Ha! What you call um? Hi! for Injun debbil!" And he lapsed again into awful Chinese exclama-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

tion points, and danced a fan-tan-dango in a wonderful state of excitement. "Hi! What you call um? Sumin-ah-got, no belong for Wong! Huh!" Nerving himself for the



fearful ordeal, he lifted the squirming baby forth and dropped it quickly to the ground. No sooner did the wild little thing find itself released than it scrambled to its feet and ran at the skirts of the elderly lady—the only thing it recognized—and clung there like a prickly burr.

"Mercy!" shrieked the lady. "Mercy! Where— Wong, where did you get this child—this savage child?" she demanded.

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

"Sumin-ah-got, no sabbee," said the terrified Wong, gathering baskets and mats in a desperate haste. "Plitty click for whole lots um for Injun come for nis one. Wong no takee. No see some nis one for baby befloh. Somebody makee for tlick—you sabbee?—makee velly much tlouble. Kow long hop ti! Yu nee mah!"

"But, Wong, you must take it back! I don't know anything about the trick! I don't want the Indians coming here. Mercy!"

Wong, however, had rapidly fixed his pole in its place, and swung his baskets clear of the ground, still jabbering wildly in his native tongue, and trotted away with a double-quick motion.

"Wong! Wong!" called the agitated woman. "I can't throw him away! You must take him back! Wong!" But the vender of vegetables, thoroughly alarmed, had fled.

"Did yez call, Miss Hoobart?" said a voice from the door.

"Oh, Maggie! Oh, dear! Oh! Oh! What shall we do?" cried the woman. She was

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

trying to shake her skirts of the brown little Indian, but he merely clung the harder, and buried his face in the folds.

"Ach, wurra, wurra!" said Maggie. "Phere did yez git um?"

"It's an Indian baby, and Wong brought him—and he ran away frightened—and somebody played it as a trick—and the wild, infuriated Indian population may be down upon us at any moment to recover the child!"

"Ach!" screamed the girl, jumping high in the air and glancing quickly about. "Phy don't yez l'ave um in the sthrate, the turrible varmint?"

"What, a tiny child, Maggie? Suppose it should freeze to death? It hasn't any cloth-



FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

ing to speak of. Oh, dear! I do wish Charles were home!"

"Phat yez goin' to do?" whispered Maggie.

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know! We've got to take him in, I suppose, and wait for Charles." Accordingly she walked very gingerly in, while the very diminutive savage continued to cling to the dress and hide his face. "I don't see," she said, breathing easier when the door was closed, "how I'm going to get him away from my skirt. Don't you think you could take him away, Maggie?"

"Oi wudden' touch um for tin dollars!" cried the girl.

"What shall we do? He will never let go."

"Yez c'u'd l'ave um the skirt—take ut aff, an' put an anither wan, ye moind."

"Yes, I can; that is just the thing." She slipped the outside garment in a jiffy, and the baby sat down on the floor in the midst of the pile.

The warrior sat perfectly still, his big brown eyes and his wee red mouth wide open, his

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

chubby hands playing at random with the skirt.

"Oi moight go out an' infarm Mистер Patrick Murphy, the gentleman policemon, mum," ventured Maggie at length.

"Don't you dare to go and leave me an instant," said the woman. "There is nothing in the whole wide world to do but to watch him every minute and lock all the doors and wait for Charles. Oh, dear! that I should live to see such a terrible day!"

So the barricades were placed on the doors, and the women brought their chairs to sit and watch their very unwelcome prisoner. As the day grew old it occurred to the lady that perhaps the child was hungry. She prepared a piece of bread with molasses, and handed it out with the tongs. With this the child emulated his parents, for he painted his face from chin to eyes. This continued till the curtain lashes of the bright brown eyes came drooping down; his chubby little face, with molasses adornment, sank slowly to rest on the skirt. The women continued to watch.

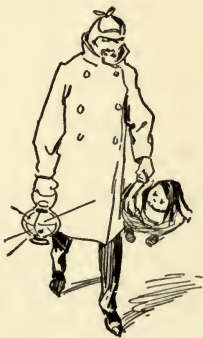
FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

As the evening came on Miss Hobart paced the room impatiently. "Charles! Charles, my brother!" she would say, "why don't you come? You ought to know what a terrible, terrible trial it is!"

But the sound of his knock on the door, when he came at his usual time, nearly made the women faint. A thin little man was Mr. Hobart, but sensible, and not to be alarmed. He declared that the morning would be time enough in which to clear the matter up.

"Oh, but it won't," said his elderly sister. "Suppose there should be a night attack? They are very, very frequent—it's the Indian way of proceeding!"

"Well," said he, "I'll go and tell the sheriff. He can hunt the parents up and settle the whole thing in a minute."



"But," she protested, "the Indians are gone to their tents—campoodies—out in the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

sage-brush long before this—that is, providing they are not lurking around this neighborhood. And just fancy a poor mother deprived of her child all night!”

“Well, what shall I do?”

“Suppose—suppose you take a lantern and go out to the wigwams. You are not afraid?”

“No, of course I’m not; but what’s the use?”

In the end he found himself muffled, mitted, provided with the lantern, packing the child—all wrapped in a blanket and fastened loosely in with a shawl-strap—out in the sage-brush, floundering aimlessly about in search of the Indian campoodies. Mile after mile he trudged about in the night, shifting baby and lantern from hand to hand as his arms grew weary, and growing more and more disgusted as it dawned on his mind that all he knew of the way to find campoodies was to wander towards the west in the brush. He shouldered the sleeping warrior and made some lively tracks for home.

“There,” said he, as he tossed the wee

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

pappoose, blanket and all, on the lounge, "you can leave it to snooze where you please, for I am going right straight to bed."

His sister sat in a chair all night, dressed, and she waked a hundred times from a dream of hideous Indian depredations. She was wearily sleeping when her brother ate his breakfast and went. An hour later the head of an old and softly whistling Indian appeared at the open window.

"Ketchum pappoose?" said this awful warrior, and his voice was barely audible. She whirled around, saw the face, tried to scream, and failed.

"Injun Jim h-e-a-p sick," drawled the chieftain, who had satisfied himself that his son and heir was present, the youngster being seated on the floor—"h-e-a-p sick, heap likum biscuit-lah-pooh."

Miss Hobart rallied. "Perhaps," she thought, "Charles has pacified the tribe." Then she said, "Oh, Mr. Indian Jim—James, is this your son—your little boy?"

"Yesh, h-e-a-p my boy. Injun Jim heap likum biscuit-lah-pooh, h-e-a-p sick."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Are you sick? Poor man! you shall have all the biscuit you want. Here," she said, in a timid voice, as he tucked away a package of food, "is



your son—your nice little boy—very nice little boy; and I'm very sorry—"

"Yesh, h-e-a-p nice—all same Injun Jim. You like buy um? Two dollar hap, you buy um, h-e-a-p goot!"

"Mercy! Oh, oh!" she gasped. "He would sell it! Two dollars and a half—and after such a night! Oh no—no, Jim—James—take him to his yearning mother, please!"

As the warrior slowly shuffled away to the gate, leading his son and heir by the hand,

FOR SALE: A WARRIOR

the bright little face was turned towards the woman who was standing in the door.


"It is a beautiful child," she said. "I wish I had noticed before."

BUSTER BILL

The Boy Hero of the Camp

I

THE HERO OF GOLD RUN

“ECKON it ain't no use. Nobody like me could do it, nohow. I reckon I'll just have to give it up.”

Whatever it might be, the idea of giving it up troubled him deeply, and he thrust his fat, brown hands into his thick mop of yellow curls in a very serious way as he sat on the quartz ledge on the hill above the gulch.

Buster Bill was one of the pioneers of Gold Run, and he had been a successful miner, all things considered, but his wardrobe was as far away from received ideas of style as was his grammar. His dimpled knees were smiling out through the openings in Paddy Noonan's discarded overalls, and these were

BUSTER BILL

as nearly a fit as was Keno Dick's cast-off "jumper," forty inches around the waist, or even the sombrero which Dick had thrown away for fear of being seen with it on by— Well, that is where Buster Bill's present difficulty came upon him.

When the first rich claim at Gold Run had been struck, and the news of it came down from the mountains in the quick, mysterious way peculiar to such news, the rush to the diggings was accompanied, for a rarity, by a woman. She was a "widdy-woman," and with her was a child, and the child was Buster Bill, and he became the idol of the camp. He was a fat, freckled, jolly, happy-go-lucky little fellow, coming and going at his own will, and when he failed to be seen of a morning making his round of inspection among the claims, something like a committee of investigation might be expected to call at his mother's cabin. At first he had a small claim of his own, and had worked it. He had even panned out a small pinch of dust, to the boundless admiration of the older miners, but inspection duty suited his tastes better than

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

mere gulch digging. At the end of a few weeks he turned over his claim to his friend Keno Dick, with an imposing ceremonial in which the entire camp participated.

Buster Bill was on intimate terms with every man along Gold Run, thereby securing for his mother a monopoly of the washing for that part of the sierra; but there was no other friend so near as Dick. If Buster Bill forgot to bring his mother the box of starch for which she was waiting, or if the bar of soap had slipped from his pocket and down some shaft he had inspected, it was Keno Dick who stood in the door of the cabin as a wall of defence against the female avenger, while Buster Bill dashed under his arm and escaped. To Dick he had gone in every extremity and with every problem of his young existence. Dick had sympathized with all his sorrows and rejoiced in all his joys, and the Buster would have laid down his life for his friend.

He almost succeeded in doing so at last. Dick was absent in an hour of need, and the Buster fled from the hand of female ven-

BUSTER BILL

geance to hide in a deserted pocket-mine on the hill. While so concealed he overheard two Mexicans plotting the plunder of Dick's cabin. He knew where the yellow and heavy harvest of that honest miner's industry was secreted, and he determined to rescue it. The measures he adopted for that purpose were entirely original, and called for no outside help. He rescued the gold alone, but it was heavy for him, and he tumbled to the very bottom of the gulch. There Dick found him, when he returned next morning, full of glory over his friend's treasure, but with one arm broken and his small body covered with bruises. Buster Bill was more than ever the hero of Gold Run, but Keno Dick's absence had been caused by what he called a "prospectin' tower." The results made it necessary for him to build an addition to his cabin, and to furnish it in a style befitting a higher order of being, for Gold Run was about to have "one more female population." Bessie Worth, the belle of Georgetown, had consented to rule Dick's cabin as soon as it could be made ready for her.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

The news was told to Buster Bill, but he did not quite master the meaning of it so long as he was an invalid. As soon, however, as he could be carried to Georgetown he was taken there on a visit to Miss Bessie, and she had received him as the hero of Gold Run and of the burglary. She and Dick worried him into a suit of store clothes, and had his hair cut and brushed, and when he looked into a mirror he felt that he was a stranger. The agony of the clothes and shoes had been bravely endured, but he felt that the world had changed wonderfully since he tumbled into the gulch. He had received a terrible amount of attention, with hugging and kissing to which he was unaccustomed; but all that was nothing compared to the baths to which he had been forced to submit. His bruises were all cured, but his arm was weak yet, and the doctor told him it would be some time before he would be a man again. When he repeated that to Dick and Bessie, he wondered what they saw in it to laugh at.

Buster Bill had now returned from a three days' visit in Georgetown, and had brought

BUSTER BILL

back with him an entirely new idea of what was coming. A man like him could not do any thinking worth a cent in store clothes, and as soon as he was once more comfortable in Dick's old jumper and Paddy Noonan's overalls he went out on the hill and sat down to consider the matter. He rested his chin on his hands, except when he seemed to be feeling for the yellow topknot which had been trimmed away, and he gazed mournfully into a neighboring bit of chaparral bush. He saw how it was. There was more in being grown up than he had ever dreamed of. Here was Keno Dick going to bring Bessie to Gold Run, and fitting up a gorgeous palace for her reception. Then—for she had told him so—she was going to teach him how to read and write. It made him squirm to think of that, and he almost groaned aloud. He knew enough about writing to know what an awful thing it must be to learn how to do it. He would have it to do if she said so, for even Keno Dick, as Buster Bill had noticed, was entirely obedient to Bessie.

She was the most beautiful woman Bill had

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

ever seen, but then he had seen no other woman except his own mother and a few squaws, and his ideas of perfection may have been limited. He was sure she was beautiful, and he was not alone in that opinion, for there was great depression in Georgetown, and a bitter feeling against Keno Dick for taking away its brightest ornament.

Gold Run was correspondingly elated, and its prominent citizens prepared to lay themselves out to beat Georgetown all hollow in the matter of wedding-presents. Buster Bill had heard them discuss the whole thing, and it was the heaviest burden upon his mind as he sat there on the hill. It never occurred to him that less might be expected from a boy of eight than from some of the other Gold Run miners, and he exclaimed: "It's no use. I can't do it, nohow. Well, anyway!"

He stopped there, anchored in the middle of his ocean of jumper and overalls, for the wedding - present question overcame him. Neither he nor any other man on Gold Run had stirred it up when his own mother, the

BUSTER BILL

avenger, while he was absent in Georgetown, married Paddy Noonan, and went away to live in Paddy's cabin by the flume. He did not feel like going to consult her now. In fact she seemed in a manner to have deserted him since she had become Mrs. Noonan. He was alone in the wide, wide world, and was going to be until after the wedding; and again he said, "Well, anyway!"

He jumped up suddenly then, for it was very much as if a deep, sympathizing groan answered him, and he looked around for the source of it.

"That you, Squawky?" he said to an ungainly shape that shambled forward to sit down upon a boulder. "What you come here for?"

No voice replied, but instead of sounds were a number of expressive signs and gestures which tried to tell of a heart too full of woe for utterance. Squawky was a Digger Indian, a well-known character of that neighborhood, and his flat and shining face and all about him had the peculiarly unwashed and worthless look belonging to his tribe. His

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

mind was naturally gloomy, perhaps; but no common melancholy was upon him now. Buster Bill almost forgot his own trouble in looking at a human being who felt so badly, and Squawky was glad of even so small a member of the superior race to whom to tell his mournful story. It came out piece by piece, for although he knew many English words, it was beyond his power to speak more than two of them in one utterance.

It was a not uncommon tale. Squawky had a camp, and he kept his treasure there. Last night, in his absence, some wicked person had intruded, and had plundered; and Squawky now explained, with most expressive pantomime, how he on his return had searched through every nook and cranny and crack and hollow for the good things gone. "Heap gone!" he moaned, as he sat and hugged his knees and rocked his body to and fro.

Buster Bill could not help feeling for grief so deep as that. He put his small fat hands upon the small fat knees which were once more free to look out through the openings

BUSTER BILL

in the overalls, and he stared thoughtfully at the prospect. There was enough that might fairly be called picturesque before him.

Down in the gulch the miners were laughing and joking while they washed out the last pan of Gold Run's contribution to the wedding-present. Across, upon the opposite hill-side, almost on a line with Buster Bill, a jack-rabbit scurried along, and he caught up a stone instinctively, but dropped it again when he remembered the real distance between him and the rabbit. The latter disappeared at that moment with a very peculiar jerk, and not in the ordinary manner of the disappearance of jack-rabbits. The stone picked up and dropped by Bill fell upon the toes of Squawky, and was heavy enough to divert his mind from his woes for a moment.

There were thoughts at work all the while in the mind of the Buster, and his face was taking on an owlish look of wisdom.

"Squawky," he asked, "what was all the things you had took?"

"Monday night," he said—for there had

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

been a succession of thefts—"one bag pine-nuts; Wednesday night, blanket; Thursday night, big bologna they gave me at store; last night, bottle and tin pan."

"Tin pan!" shouted the Buster. And to Squawky's astonishment he stood up and laughed about it, and added a whoop that seemed to be full of joyful satisfaction. It was remarkable conduct, and Squawky's feelings were hurt by it. He stared dully for a moment at his small white friend, to whom he had confided his woes, but who now appeared to deride them and him. He arose then with solemn dignity, remarking: "Heap gone. Injun sorry. Tell boy. Boy laugh. Heap bad." He shook his head mournfully as he strode away down the hill, but Buster Bill seemed to have forgotten all about him. There was not room in his mind for a Digger Indian and a new thought at the same time, and Bill had struck a lead. Squawky went on out of sight, and it was only a minute before Bill sprang away across the hill in what seemed as great a hurry as that of the jack-rabbit had been.

BUSTER BILL

Around the bend of the declivity was the last claim taken up on Gold Run. It was a little separated from the rest by the hill, and by being down deep in the gulch. It had been taken up by a Mexican named Vegas, but he was now a fugitive from the hasty hands of miners' justice. He and another Mexican had robbed Mike Dorsey's cabin six weeks ago, and the citizens of Gold Run had held a meeting, and had offered a reward of one hundred dollars for their capture.

Buster Bill knew all about the burglary and the reward. He now stood for a moment upon a quartz rock and took a careful survey of the Vegas claim.

He then skipped away, on down, until he came to the gold-washing "cradle," which was supposed to be abandoned so long ago. His bare feet slipped in the wet and slushy ground under that cradle, and when he shook it more water came trickling from it. He knew that it had not been drying for six weeks under the burning sun of California. He had done all his thinking, and now he needed Squawky. He made his way first

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

to the half-burrow of a camp, but the Indian was not there. Bill knew that he had not gone to the gulch to be tormented by the jolly miners, and so he hunted on through that deeply furrowed neighborhood. He hunted successfully, for not far away, curled up in the retirement of a deep hollow, and sound asleep, lay the plundered Digger.

Buster Bill gave the sleeper one hard punch, and the only sign of life was a twist of the face; another punch drew a disturbed grunt; but a third forced Squawky to open his eyes.

"What you layin' here for, Squawky?" inquired Bill.

"Injun die. Losum all. Heap gone," groaned Squawky. But he settled himself into the hollow once more and closed his eyes.

Then the truth flashed upon Buster Bill. There at the side of the Indian were his cooking utensils; his knife was in his belt; he was weary of a world where Mexicans came and stole all a poor Digger had; and he had determined to die and go to the

BUSTER BILL

"Happy Hunting-grounds." He opened his eyes once more to remark: "Bad boy. Injun sorry. Heap gone. Boy glad."

That was it. Injured feelings had added much to the despair occasioned by losses, and Buster Bill had hard work to convince his red neighbor that he had only laughed at a jolly idea of getting back the tin pan, blanket, bottle, and as much pine-nuts and bologna as might remain uneaten. Squawky awoke fully and arose to his feet as that thought dawned upon him.

"Findum?" he gasped. "Bill know? Ketchum? Keepum? Hoi!"

It was strange that he should have so blind a faith in so small a white boy; but he looked into Buster Bill's honest blue eyes, and believed that the lost goods were coming back. So did Bill, and he toiled hard with words and signs to make Squawky understand a brilliant plan he was forming. It began with the too sudden disappearance of the jack-rabbit on the opposite hill-side.

"He was helped with a string," said Bill, indicating a noose-trap; and adding a de-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

scription of the state of things at the Vegas claim, he declared, "It was worked sence yesterday."

"Hoi!" remarked Squawky, with vigor.

It was sunset and supper-time before Buster Bill was seen in camp, and after supper his best friends were not able to detain him anywhere in particular. By the time the moon was well up he was out among the rocks, looking around for a dark figure which crouched low and waited for him.

"Hoi!"

"Did you steal the rope and gun, Squawky?"

A deep grunt of assent responded, and Buster Bill himself exhibited a revolver he had borrowed without asking leave of his friend the owner.

"It's a beautiful shooter," he said; and they quietly stole away farther and farther from the camp, keeping as much as possible in the deepest shadows. They were in little danger of meeting any of "the boys," however, for these were all at the hotel, holding a public meeting over the approaching wedding and other important matters.

BUSTER BILL

Up and over the hill went Buster Bill and Squawky, worrying through chaparral, creeping among trees and rocks, until they worked around the bend on their hands and knees, hardly breathing for fear of giving an alarm.

The moonlight fell brilliantly among the broken quartz and the bushes of the opposite slope, and brought out into full relief every rock in the lower claim. Every rock—and the cradle! Yes, the lower claim was being worked. Two men were working it for all it was worth. One of them was rocking the cradle now. He held his face close down to it as he smilingly watched his work. The other man was shaking something, shaking it hard and diligently, and pouring the water from it around underfoot anywhere—shaking the lost tin pan of Squawky.

The man at the cradle tossed off his hat and held up his face to the moon. It was Vegas, the robber. One hundred dollars reward for him, dead or alive. There was a lesson of human folly in his being there. He was known to be a coward as well as a manslayer and a thief, but even with the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

avengers upon his trail, the love of gold had mastered his cowardice and brought him back to work his claim at night. It was the same greed which had led him to steal, and so had shut him off from honestly working it in open day. It had compelled him to lurk among the hills by day, living on jack-rabbits and pine-nuts. Here he was now with his companion, washing out their gold with cradle and pan, murmuring low to each other of weights and of values. When they rose to stretch their limbs and look around them, all the shadows seemed like enemies, and the bark of a coyote in the distance made the unnamed one of them drop a pan of fresh dirt. He was jeered at softly by Vegas, and silently picked up his pan and went back for more. He favored the small plan of Buster Bill by deciding to try a wash of the dirt near where the watchers now lay behind a boulder, but his decision drew forth words of yet more bitter derision from Vegas. They were fit companions, for when he with the pan came towards the boulder, it was plain that the taunts had stirred the tiger in him. He

BUSTER BILL

pulled a knife from his boot and felt of its edge. It was so sharp and it glittered so in the moonlight that he lifted his head and smiled. He smiled right into the muzzle of the "beautiful shooter" that Buster Bill had borrowed, and he was astonished by a command to "drop it!"

That meant his knife, and the voice was very small to be obeyed.

"Drop it!" said Buster Bill again, and the man saw that the revolver at least was full grown, and so the knife fell upon the gravel. As it did so, the tall, dark form of Squawky glided forward, and he made swift, skilful work with the rope.

That Mexican was tied up tight, and the job was hardly completed before the other Mexican at the cradle was suddenly astonished.

"Vegas," he heard, "chuck up your hands."

He was aghast, he was furious, but there was Buster Bill and the revolver, and he was a coward. He put up his hands, and when he was ordered to "come on," he went, expressing his feelings in Mexican Spanish, until, around the corner of the boulder, he

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

reached the spot where his partner lay, with Squawky and his gun keeping guard. Vegas was tied as securely, and then Bill took the post of sentinel.

"Squawky," he said, "you go to the camp and git the boys to come."

The Indian believed more perfectly in his young leader from the fact that his bottle and his blanket and his pan had been recovered, and that he had won a new knife. He made his way to the camp at once, and did his best to explain the situation. He did not quite succeed, but there was a general declaration of "Well, boys, if anything's going wrong with the Buster, it's our business to go and see about it."

There was a procession long enough to witness to the interest taken in him by all Gold Run, and it marched pretty steadily, piloted by Squawky, until it came out in full view of that boulder above the Vegas claim. Then all those miners sat down, each man upon any rock or stump convenient, or on the ground, and they all hurrahed and shouted till the coyotes on the hill-side answered

BUSTER BILL

them. It was great, and they said so in all the ways they could think of. As Mike Dorsey put it, "That there little kid has cabbaged my six-shooter and stood up the biggest feller in camp."

They were sitting around and enjoying the fun of it, when Bill remarked to them:

"Well, you can laugh and holler all you want. I've got 'em. I don't know whether I'd better buy her a hoss or a piano for my wedding-present. A hundred dollars is a big pile of money."

The boys took charge of Vegas and the other Mexican, so that they were not at all likely to get away, and Buster Bill and Squawky were relieved.

There was a council held next day to consider what Bill should do with his money, and as a result no wedding-present equalled the one he made to Bessie.

II

HIS LESSONS, AND HOW THEY ENDED

"Here, you Bill, you quit monkeying with that box of raisins!"

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Bill stepped away meekly, although he did not quite understand it all. It was many months after the capture of Vegas, but there was something sudden in the manner in which his ancient privileges at the Gold Run store were fading away from him. His world was undergoing a sort of revolution, and his experiences told him so, and the bottom-rock truth of the matter was just this: when his mother settled on Gold Run he had been the entire juvenile population. The miners looked upon him as representing all the childhood in the world, and he might have monkeyed with the moon if they could have got it down for him. Those had been Buster Bill's great days, and he had not yet quite learned that they were over when he stood by the raisin box and innocently put one small hand behind him. He had to let the raisins alone, but it was not because he had grown so much older, or because he had changed in any remarkable way.

The fact was that Bill was no longer the baby of the camp. Gold Run had a new idol, and it was now reposing in Keno Dick's

BUSTER BILL

reconstructed cabin away up on the hill-side, between layers of soft flannel, and surrounded by pink things and white things and blue things. The miners in the gulch a mile away were picking and shovelling carefully for fear of waking up Keno Dick's baby. It was two days' old now, and it had been christened Bessie, after its mother. Buster Bill had no idea that his nose had been put out of joint by the arrival of the baby. Nobody else admired it as much as he did, and he was becoming more and more devoted to it every hour so manifestly, that its mother mentioned the fact to her husband as one more of the many good things she had discovered in the Buster. Bill's own mother, now Mrs. Pat Noonan, seemed almost to have given up her claims upon him long ago, and he had made his home altogether with Dick. During the year following the great wedding there had been many a sharp tussle between him and Bessie. It was not that she had quarrelled with him or he with her, but that there had been a long trouble about spelling-books and pothooks and figures.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

These had been hard trials for Bill, and even tears and temporary rebellions, but the tasks had been conquered in the end, and Bessie had reconquered him every time and made him more devoted than ever.

He was a hard student, but he had his own peculiar method of study. He never did anything just as anybody else did. He preferred to leave the house in the morning, and go and sit in the sun, to con over the lesson of the day. He would lay his book on a rock beside him, and spell out a word slowly one, two, three times, with his eyes glued to the page. Then he would lean forward and stare at the ground, with one hand upon his knee and the other clutching his yellow hair, while he chanted forth the letters and their syllables until he knew them to be fixed in his memory, or until he was forced to give them up in despair. The harder the word might be, the more desperate became the clutch upon the topknot, and Keno Dick had more than once said that the lessons must be stopped or Buster Bill would be bald-headed before the year was over.

BUSTER BILL

One morning Bill was out as usual with his book, and with a task before him of more than common difficulty. The sun was yet hardly two hours high, and the smell of breakfast bacon frying in the camp mingled with the odor of the chaparral. It was cool as yet, but Bill was perspiring all over, and was pulling hard at his topknot. As he went on he raised his voice in a sort of agony of desperation. He chanted those dreadful letters so loudly that the sound floated over the hill and through the bushes and down into the gulch. The men heard it, and laughed a little, but Buster Bill's daily struggle for knowledge under Bessie's teaching had become as much a regular part of camp life as were their own searchings for the uncertain gold-dust in the gulch. They went on with their toil, but the spelling-chant reached the ears of a man who never had any work to do, and he drew near to listen, and to try and pick up any small pieces of learning that might come to him.

The lesson went on, and Squawky got it into his poor, dull head that he too could

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

learn to read if Bill would try and teach him. He said so, and the effort was faithfully made morning after morning, until it was given up by joint consent as being of no use. It was one of the severest trials of Bill's schooling, and he was glad when it was over. Even after that, however, Squawky did not fail to come and sit, while Bill studied, and listen, as if some good might come to him in the sounds he did not understand.

There had been weeks and months of that curious companionship, until at last one particular morning arrived, just a little before the affair with the box of raisins. Bill and his book were at the rock as usual, and he only raised his head to say, "Hello, Squawky!" when his Digger friend drew near.

"Ugh!" grunted Squawky. "Heap hard!"

"You bet!" responded Buster Bill.

The spelling-chant began again, now and then sinking to a loud buzz, while Squawky sat down, with his doglike eyes fixed steadily upon the earnest face of the learner. Ever since the brilliant affair of the Vegas claim he had looked upon Bill as gifted beyond

BUSTER BILL

other mortals. He would have followed reverently wherever the Buster led, regardless of consequences. He was at this very date slowly weaving, in the seclusion of his burrow, with the peculiar Digger skill which can manage beads better than it can letters, a belt the glory of which had never been duplicated in his tribe. This was to be worthy to be presented to Buster Bill. He thought of the belt, and grinned gleefully at the very moment when Keno Dick came around on the trail, in full view of the picture the pair made for him. He stood and looked and laughed for a moment, and then he shouted a message from Bessie to Bill.

"Come up and see the baby," slowly repeated the Buster, and Dick laughed louder than before at the expression that grew upon his puzzled face. Never had he heard of anything like it, and he put his hand into his hair in a dazed, studious way that disturbed the mind of Squawky.

The Indian arose, rubbed his own forehead, and remarked to Dick: "Him spellum. Heap hard."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Bill gave it up. He closed his book, put it into his capacious pocket, turned his face up the trail, and walked sturdily forward without saying a word to smiling Keno Dick. Bill saw no occasion for smiling. There were some things in this world too weighty to be laughed about, and he grew more sober, in spite of Dick's jokes, until they entered the cabin. They had not been followed by Squawky, and Bill now nerved himself to a great effort, for they were bringing forward a sort of white bundle. As they began to lift some of the coverings of that bundle, he drew a deep breath and blinked his eyes in almost gasping expectation. The boys had called him a baby when he first came to camp, he knew that, but it was only a name, and he had now for years been Buster Bill of Gold Run. This must be something very different, and he craned his neck and opened wide his mouth and eyes as the last light wrappings were removed. The baby lifted its tiny hands, and spread its ten pink fingers, and moved its head around, as if looking at things. Buster Bill started back

BUSTER BILL

as if he had received a shock of some sort. "It's a baby," he said to himself. "It's about as long as my arm. It's kind o' pink."

A smile of admiration spread slowly over his face, and he put out a finger to touch the baby's cheek. He thought how soft it was, but drew back quickly, and Keno Dick encouraged him to try again. He did so; but just as he touched it a terrible change came over the little face, and the wee hands grasped the air convulsively, while the rosy mouth sent out a cry as of sudden pain.

"My grashus!" exclaimed Bill, as he drew back his hand; and he stood for a moment as if rooted to the cabin floor, while he wondered how he had hurt that baby, and Keno Dick threw himself back in a chair and roared with laughter.

The revolution in Buster Bill's life went on from that very hour. He took it rightly, and was entirely willing to give up all that Keno Dick's baby was costing him, including free raisins. He had discovered his mission, and that it was to entertain and generally

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

supervise that baby. It was even due to a motion of his that she was named Bessie, and he watched her mother's management of her anxiously, lest there should be some mistake or other. When, a few days later, Keno Dick asked him about his lessons, he was almost offended. "Ho!" he said, "what time have I got for studying books now there's a baby?"

That seemed to be conclusive, and he put away all thought about learning, until one day when he overheard a conversation between Dick and Bessie in which they discussed the baby's future, and mentioned the many accomplishments which she was to be taught. He walked away by himself and pondered for a while. It was sunset when he returned, and Dick and Bessie were sitting in front of the cabin. He stood before them and remarked, seriously, "If the baby's going ter learn all of them things, I've got ter, 'cause I might want ter marry her when she grows up." He was disgusted by the manner in which Bessie put her head on Dick's shoulder and laughed just then, but he add-

BUSTER BILL

ed, "But the baby's got ter stop hollering so much if she wants me to marry her."

The baby grew quieter rapidly, and it was not long before she and Buster Bill had formed the most prosperous partnership in all the Gold Run camp. Bill was completely happy. Bessie freely trusted him with her treasure, and he and the other miners managed to construct a very wonderful little wagon. It worked particularly well upon smooth ground with the baby in it, and the two playmates traversed the hills and gulches for miles around.

One morning when they were out in the woods together the strangest noise he had ever heard came to the ears of Buster Bill. The birds stopped singing and the pine-trees held their breath. The dancing shadows stood still for a moment, and then shivered as that awful sound came again, and like a flash Bill understood it all.

"The old grizzly they wounded down on the other side of Georgetown yesterday!"

The hunters had said he would surely die last night, thought Bill, and yet the bear

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

must have travelled fast from the place where he received his death-shot.

That was so; but the grizzly had charged furiously upon the ambush from which the fatal volley had been given. He had roared with wrath and pain when unable to reach his cunning enemies, and had charged onward with roar on roar, blindly staggering and crashing from place to place, through underbrush and chaparral, until he had come with the morning sun to the hills above Gold Run.

He was bleeding from his death-wound; he was growing fainter; he staggered and fell; but he had seen Buster Bill's yellow hair, and he arose again with his eyes fixed, red, and glaring upon the sunny, grassy open and the little figures in the centre of it. Bill drew a long, deep breath and looked swiftly around. He looked out through the trees and the bushes, and then up through the branches to the sky. An oak leaf fluttered slowly down and fell upon the baby's hand. She looked to see if he had dropped it, and laughed to make him notice her. Then she bit the hand with which he had covered her mouth, and

BUSTER BILL

her large, dark eyes seemed to ask him what all this meant. He laid his other hand upon her head. He knew that he could run fast enough. He could make his own escape; but then the baby—

“Oh, Dick! oh, Bessie! oh, the baby!”

He lifted her from the wagon and hurried with her to the other side of the grassy place. The bear was opposite them, with only the length of that sunny spot between, when Bill put the baby down and turned and went to meet him.

“For his strength is nearly gone,” thought Bill, “and if I can tire him some little more he’ll be likely to flop over before he gets *thar*.”

The baby sat still and looked in wonder at Billy. He swerved swiftly aside and avoided the grizzly’s clutch. He danced and capered and shouted to attract the monster’s attention, and he succeeded. The bear grew wild with rage as he turned and rushed and turned again after the strange little yellow-haired figure that darted around him. His terrible mouth was open wide and

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

dripping with blood and foam, and his red eyes glared more fiercely, and his panting came more heavily, with every failure to catch his tormentor. If he rushed for that figure on one side, he was sure to hear its voice on the other, shouting and jeering, so very near and yet so out of reach. He sank down on the grass at last, and it danced nearer yet, with a jubilant shout of boyish triumph.

Only the baby saw, only the baby knew, how swiftly the dying beast arose, with one last awful roar, and toppled suddenly forward, clutching, grappling, tearing, falling upon, and crushing poor, brave little Buster Bill!

The bear lay still now, and the baby sat silent for a while, amazed and frightened. Then she called, "Billy! Billy!" again and again, and then she toddled across the grass and patted his white face and cooed over him. His head and arms were free, and as she cuddled closer his blue eyes opened, and he smiled, whispering: "Bessie's baby; she's safe. Dick 'll be glad."

BUSTER BILL

The Georgetown boys followed the trail of the grizzly leisurely, for they were sure of finding him at the end of it. The Gold Run boys joined them when they came in sight over the hill. They mounted slowly through the chaparral, and found the trail marked with blood all the way. The sun sank lower as they went on, and a silence fell upon the hunters. When they reached the grassy open it was almost twilight, but for one ray that seemed to linger as if it were a lamp left to burn in a holy place. It shone upon a tall, dark form standing before some object lying in the middle of the open. Long, black, unkempt hair hung loosely about his face, and he was tearing it and beating his breast. Then he ceased, and knelt down and held his hands high above his head. They held what seemed a belt, worked with bright-colored beads, and the sun-ray fell among them, as if it were turning the tiny arch of the belt into a rainbow. It was only Squawky, the Digger Indian, but now in his grief he laid the belt upon the grass, and threw himself down upon his face with a low moaning,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

just as the hunters came hurrying to the spot.


There was a storm of half-suppressed, deep-throated exclamations, while one man caught up the sleeping baby and others lifted away the dead grizzly. A piece of paper fluttered down from the baby's dress, and they picked it up. It was a leaf torn from a spelling-book; but there was writing on it—red writing—done rudely, as if with the end of a twig:

“She is all rite but he fel on me. The baby is all rite she will have to mary some other feller.

“BUSTER BILL.”

"PUNK" ON THE RESERVATION

How a Kiowa Boy Turned "Paleface"

HE band of Kiowas commanded by the great war chief Kicking Mule had kept away from the Reservation just as long as it could, but the time had come for it to go there. The United States government had set apart for it lands enough, and had provided many good things upon them, including an "Agent" to distribute rations and presents, but the great chief and his warriors and their squaws preferred to run wild. They had refused to go until convinced by good reasons that it was necessary. Sixty good reasons on foot, in nice blue uniforms, were now marching along with them, and forty more on horseback were riding behind them. These were there to look out for any Kiowas

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

who might lag behind, and there was need of them, for the nearer any Kiowa knew himself to be to the Agency in the centre of the Reservation, the more he wanted to get away.

Kicking Mule's band was neither small nor poor, and it made a very long procession. There were about one hundred warriors, two hundred squaws, four hundred boys and girls, eight hundred ponies, and about sixteen hundred papposes and dogs. That is, it seemed so to any man who set out to count the dogs, for they were everywhere. Each dog hated any other dog that was going to a Reservation, and so there was a vast amount of snarling and quarrelling.

The less any one knows about an evil that is said to be coming, the more he is afraid of it, and as the boys of the band knew less than the warriors and squaws, they were in more trouble of mind. As for the girls, no well-taught Kiowa girl presumes to have a mind of her own.

It was well understood by all the boys that henceforth if one of them should be

"PUNK" ON THE RESERVATION

caught farther off from the Agency than he could ride a pony in three days, he would be tied up and sent home. It was to be a dreadful bondage, and no less. No wonder that every Kiowa boy felt his heart swell rebelliously when the word was passed along the straggling procession that the houses of the Agency were just beyond the crest of the next hill. One boy near the cavalry end of the band stood stock-still and looked about him, as if he were half inclined to break away and run rather than see any such houses.

He was a stout, squarely built boy of fourteen or fifteen, and he was well clad in a piece of deer-skin, which was tied around him just above his hips, and reached away down to within six or eight inches of his knees. He carried a bow and arrows, and they were less of a load to him than more clothes would have been.

Nobody could have guessed closely whether there were eleven dogs or twenty-seven that stood still when the boy did. Some of them sat down, but they all snarled at each other, and their general behavior was disorderly.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Hullo, Punk, get along. You'll all be there pretty soon, and my job will be over."

The young Kiowa turned his fat, brown face to the left and looked up, but he said nothing. He did not feel fond of white men just then, and he felt less affection for those two fine-looking men on horseback than for any other pale-faces he could think of. One was the Major commanding the military force, and the other was the terrible "Agent" of the Kiowa Reservation.

"There, Dr. Prouty, didn't I tell you so? The most complete specimen of a wild boy you ever saw. He can talk English, too. Just the color of punk, with a shade of red. He'll get darker as he grows older, but the name 'll stick to him till he kills somebody and wins another."

The Major was a tall, gray-headed soldier with a twist of grim fun in his face, but the Agent was short and fat, and his blue eyes were twinkling merrily as he studied the sulky countenance Punk turned towards him.

"Major Voorhees," said he, "I'll try it on



“THE MOST COMPLETE SPECIMEN OF A WILD BOY YOU EVER SAW”

“PUNK” ON THE RESERVATION

as soon as there's a chance after we get in. He is raw material.”

The Major turned at once in his saddle, and shouted to two men who were riding a little behind them.

“Orderly, mark that boy. Joe, would you know him again?”

“Anywhere this side of the mountains,” replied a man who was not in uniform; but the other man who was in uniform only touched his hat and remarked, “Yes, sir.”

They all rode forward as if they had business at the front, and Punk sent a barefooted kick towards the nearest dog. He had heard and he had understood, and it made him feel reckless, but he walked along. He felt quite sure that he was the only boy in the band of Kicking Mule who had been singled out and spoken to. He felt proud of it, and was not unwilling to be called Punk, but he felt bitter, too. All the wild blood in him was in a disturbed condition, and now he felt an even greater trouble coming. His curiosity had got on fire, and he was suddenly anxious to see all that might be seen from the top of the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

hill. There would be something new for everybody, and he had not more than a small glimmer of how much would be new to him. He had heard the Major say to Dr. Prouty, as they rode away:

“Kicking Mule has five sons. This is the youngest and ugliest.”

“Just the specimen I’m after. It won’t offend anybody.”

“Offend? No; but there’s no telling how you’ll tame him.”

Punk was thinking about it, and one of the words used he did not understand, and he exclaimed:

“Ugh! Tame Punk? What that mean?”

In a few moments more he was again standing still and saying “Ugh!” but every dog was running forward. He could see the buildings of the Agency in and around the stockade of what had once been a pretty strong fort, and the dogs may have received news that some bones were there. It was safe to say that all bones would quickly be found. The Kiowa warriors and squaws were not thinking of bones, but they knew that there would

“PUNK” ON THE RESERVATION

be a distribution of presents. The boys and girls felt pretty sure that none of the presents would get down to them, but they were all like Punk in being curious about those pale-face “lodges” and the new kind of life before them. The very idea of being fastened down in one spot was stunning and perplexing. They had never lived anywhere in particular.

On poured the cavalcade, and Punk found himself moving faster and faster, until he and a swarm of dogs were away ahead of the foot-soldiers. He and some other boys very much like him reached the Agency in advance of anybody, red or white, who had any dignity. Kicking Mule was too great a chief to show a sign of interest in what was going on, and his braves were also very great Indians, and ready to say so. They all preserved their dignity, and their squaws were afraid to go too fast.

Punk saw a great deal in a very short time, but there were soldiers guarding every house except one. It was built of wood, in two stories, and the Kiowa boy went over it from top to bottom. He opened and shut doors

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

for the first time in his life, and looked through glass windows, and wondered at the stairs. The dogs that went in with him found no bones there, and went out again; but Punk sat down in the fireplace and looked about him and felt that he was in a new country. Everything was strange and foreign to him. He did not belong in such a house as that. He had been born in a lodge of skins and brought up on horseback. He had rarely walked so far as he had walked that day as a punishment for straggling from the line of march.

There are many ideas in the mind of even an Indian boy, but Punk felt as if all the ideas he was accustomed to were leaving him. They were being crowded out by the pale-face ideas in that empty house, and he longed to get up and run away.

"Catch him. Tie him up. No. Ugh!" he muttered, discontentedly. "Go look all over. See fort."

Several army officers and soldiers were busily at work pointing out to Kiowa warriors the limits of their first camping ground.

“PUNK” ON THE RESERVATION

No great “talk” or giving of presents was to be until things were in order, and that might require two or three days. Dr. Prouty and his assistants had work on their hands, and Punk was entirely forgotten until the next morning. He knew, and nobody else cared to know, that as soon as the great drove of horses, mules, and ponies that made the band a rich one were “corralled” he had gone to the corral as the only spot he could think of where he might feel at home. He knew that there would be plenty to eat, and he ventured back to his father’s lodge, as soon as it was set up, and got some supper. The great chief was to have one of the best houses, but the ceremony of giving it to him was yet to be performed.

Punk slept among the ponies as contentedly as if he had been a colt, and a particularly untamed one, but he was astir by daylight in the morning. The corral was on the bank of the little river running through the Reservation, and Punk’s first performance was to take a good swim and come ashore a reasonably clean young Kiowa. When he was once

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

more clothed in his piece of deer-skin, he looked around in all directions, and concluded to go to the lodge for breakfast.

There was to be an attempt to civilize as well as "corner" that band of wild red men. The Reservation itself was as large as several pale-face counties, and was of good lands, bad lands, mountains, and valleys. Farming was to be taught at the Agency, and mechanics were to be made out of Kiowas, and it was said that several kinds of missionaries were coming. Punk had but a faint idea of what might be, but he was growing more courageous, and his curiosity helped him face the wonders before him. He almost felt sure that he would not be afraid of a missionary.

The breakfast at the lodge of Kicking Mule was cooked for him first and for his older sons afterwards, but Punk's turn came at last. His father and brothers had heard the name given him by the Major, and they did not let go of it.

"Ugh!" said Kicking Mule. "Great war chief say Punk. Kiowa say so. Good medicine."

“PUNK” ON THE RESERVATION

Hardly had Punk finished eating the first piece of cold boiled salt pork that he had ever tasted before he had a tremendous sensation. He had been sent for by Major Voorhees and Dr. Prouty, and here were the “orderly” and the “scout” from headquarters.

Punk obeyed in silence until he stood in front of the great white men and heard his father ask, “What for want boy?”

“Dress him up,” said Dr. Prouty. “Make young pale-face of him. Handsome boy. Young chief.”

“He’ll know a heap, then,” said Major Voorhees, gravely; and Punk was almost in dread of what he might know if all the things he saw before him should be put upon him.

A very brilliant old red “polo” cap came first, and it changed his whole appearance in a moment. So did a red flannel shirt that followed; but Punk put on a pair of bright-blue trousers with a shudder. It was fine, but it was awful, and the orderly had to help him get on some very gay cotton stockings and a loose pair of shoes. Then the orderly

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

tied a green-and-white necktie under the rolling collar of the flannel shirt, and Punk was "up and dressed" for the first time in his life.

"He ought to be able to read now, doctor," said Major Voorhees, "according to your theory. Give him a pocket-handkerchief and a pair of gloves, and he ought to write and cipher."

"He knows some things already that he never knew before," said the fun-loving Agent, but neither of them laughed until Kicking Mule himself did. That was when Punk tried to strut around in those shoes. The shoes themselves were uncomfortable enough, but added to them were the trousers.

"Put your coat on now," said the Major, holding out a jacket with gilt buttons and braid upon it that must have been made for some kind of a drummer-boy.

Punk's pride of dress was fully aroused, and he put the jacket on with a face full of determination to walk. He was the first of all young Kiowas to be rigged up in that

"PUNK" ON THE RESERVATION

way, but the Indian boy was not living anywhere who could do well with his first trial of shoes and stockings.

He was on the Reservation; he was at the Agency; he had begun right off to be a white man, and one of these days he might feel at home in a house. Just now it came strongly upon him that he wished himself back in the corral or in the river, for all the red and white men around him gave up being dignified and began to laugh.

"Dr. Prouty," exclaimed Major Voorhees, "you will be on good terms with your Indians. It's the best thing you could have done. Let him take off all but the cap and be easy."

"He'll come to them by degrees," chuckled the Agent; but he made Punk understand that all that finery was to be his, piece by piece, thereafter, as fast as he should prove himself "a good Indian."

It was hard to take off anything except the shoes, but every dog in camp barked or yelped and ran when he saw Punk coming towards him with that red cap on.


ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Some pale-face," said he, as he stood before his mother proudly; and she also laughed as she replied:

"Head little bit pale-face. Rest all Kiowa. Heap Punk!"

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

A Story of the Sioux

“GH!” It was a very large grunt to come from so small a human being, but one Sioux Indian boy was in difficulties. He was short and thin, and may have been fifteen years old, and his clothing consisted of a piece of ragged old blanket about his loins; but that was in the height of the fashion for boys of his age and tribe. He was not troubling himself about matters of dress. His elf-locks of black hair were tied back from a face that was broad and ugly, but full of the keenest intelligence. Half a dozen long and guttural words dropped from his lips in quick succession, and expressed an important part of his embarrassment. What they meant was: “River too high. Deep. Swift. Pah-ghee

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

couldn't get his pony over. Get drowned himself. Lose pony anyhow. Ugh! Bad!"

A low whinny behind him sounded almost as if he had sympathy, and a long, rough, yellow head, queerer than even his own, was shoved over his shoulder. It was the head of the pony he was afraid of losing, and it may be that the pony was also afraid of losing Pah-ghee. They were standing in a deep gully leading down to the water's edge, and before them the turbid flood of the Yellowstone whirled by at a rate that told of heavy rainfalls in the far-away mountains it came from. No pony in his senses but would have felt his spirits go down at the prospect of fording or swimming such a swollen torrent.

There was a good reason why the boy and pony were in that gully. It was the best hiding-place to be found for miles and miles by anything too large to crawl into a hole in the ground. Neither Pah-ghee nor his pony was a prairie-dog, but that was not the whole of the puzzle before the wiry-looking young Sioux. He had responsibilities on his hands,

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

and they had begun to load him down at sunrise that morning.

The camp of Red Bird's band of thieving and all but outlawed Sioux, twenty miles away, down the river, had been stirred up very early. Only the vigilant sentries, a few dogs, and one prairie-wolf, skulking as near as he dared, had been awake earlier than Pah-ghee. He had aroused his mother next with a view to breakfast, and she had scolded him roundly as she went about it. She never had failed him or anybody else in that particular; and she was just a copy of him, except that she was one foot taller, and a squaw. If she had been a boy of his age, nobody could have told them apart; neither could they have been known from each other if he had been a squaw of her age and size. He had no father living, for the grown-up braves of Red Bird's band were less numerous than they had been.

In truth, an especial reason for getting up early that morning was the fact that Red Bird knew that a company of pale-face cavalry was following him for his many

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

sins. It was after him now on account of some of his more recent sins, including some very good horses that he had stolen, and he did not wish to meet those blue-coated horsemen. He was willing to ride fast in any direction if he could thereby avoid any conversation with the captain of that company; so was Pah-ghee, and so was his mother, and so was everybody else in camp, and the whole band was anxious to know in which direction to ride. Should they go up-stream or down-stream, or should they try to swim, or would it be better to fly? There were no wings to be had, and the river was rising fast, and the cavalry must be near the bank of it, above or below. Red Bird determined that he would find out which, even if it should cost him something.

He was a great and wise chief, as he was fond of saying to people who talked with him. He knew that a boy on a pony could see cavalry as clearly, and ride away from them to tell where they were as fast, as could a full-grown warrior on a valuable horse. Boys and ponies were cheaper than braves and

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

horses. Pah-ghee was considered the handsomest, best, and brightest, and by all odds the most valuable boy in the band, but he was so considered by only one little thin old squaw. All except his mother said that Red Bird could afford to run risks with him. So Pah-ghee was sent in the direction which was believed to have most danger in it, and Red Bird did not hesitate to tell him that if he were not back again by the second night it would be because the wicked pale-faces had got him. The great and wise chief would thus know on what other road it would be best to run away.

Pah-ghee's mother, being a squaw without a husband, could not speak to any warrior or chief about such a matter. Her precious boy must go, according to orders, and so she went and sat down before a sage-bush on the river-bank and scolded right into it for an hour.

Pah-ghee was proud and glad to go, and rode away fully determined to find some cavalry before he came back. He rode hard all day, keeping near the bank of the crooked river. He was really compelled to do so,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

much of the way, by reason of the rocky and broken kind of land that came down near it on that bank. When at last he came out into the open plain it was late in the day, but he scouted ahead. It was just after he had begun to despair of success that he found his cavalry. He also found that they had ridden in so, as to strike the river behind him and cut him off. The men in blue knew nothing about him. They went into camp at once, and he went into the gully to consider the matter. So did the yellow pony, and both of them considered it a bad job.

Pah-ghee put one arm over the pony's neck and stared out upon the water, wondering how he should get home with his important news, and with the great glory of finding it. A little distance out stuck up a huge trunk of a cottonwood-tree, drifted down and stranded there. Other and smaller logs had drifted against it and stuck; but upon the big log was a fellow who had come to give Pah-ghee some good advice. He was a big mud-turtle, and pretended to have crawled up there to get the last sunshine of that hot day.

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

He sat and looked at Pah-ghee and the pony until he felt sure they were looking at him. Then he turned around and crawled over upon one of the smaller logs; then he twisted and looked at Pah-ghee again, and then he plunged into the river and got away.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Pah-ghee. "Get back to band that way."

He knew that if he should try to ride around the blue-coats he would surely be seen and followed, or be caught or be shot, before he could escape, for there were rocks to force him near them. The idea of losing his pony had something mournful in it, but he took off the bridle so as not to lose the costliest part of his outfit. There was no saddle to lose. The pony drooped his yellow head and began to eat grass, and Pah-ghee sat down to wait until it should become dark enough for him to do a deed worthy of a chief and a warrior. It was altogether too big a deed for a thin little Indian like him, but he made up his mind to do it.

The cavalry built their camp-fires, and posted their sentries and pickets, and the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

officer in command ate his supper with a mind full of wonder as to when and where he should find and punish Red Bird and his very bad band of horse-thieves. It grew dark rapidly after sunset, but Pah-ghee's pony could still see to eat at the moment when his master deserted him. The turbid river swept by with a gurgle that was almost a roar, because it was the only sound in all that silence. Pah-ghee secured his bridle and bow and arrows upon his shoulders, and walked out into the water. It was shallow for a few rods, but just before he reached the drifted logs he was compelled to swim. He had carefully noted one of the smaller logs, and found it easily. He shoved it away from the rest, and crept upon it, and it just kept his light body above the surface. With a long branch of drift-wood to balance and paddle with, it was not a hard task to get away from the rest of the logs, and let the Yellowstone River do the rest.

The river took up the job with a great rush and a muddy chuckle, and Pah-ghee went whirling away down-stream at the rate of

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

six miles an hour. It was necessary to travel fast, for the distance by water was twice as great as the distance by land, owing to the fact that the channel of the Yellowstone is laid out upon the plan of a ram's horn, or of a continual succession of them.

No danger to the camp had been apprehended from the river-side of it, and no sentries were posted there, but several soldiers were strolling up and down the bank when Pah-ghee's log came along. They had seen other logs go down, and had paid them no attention. If they had ordered this one to halt, it could not have done so, for the Yellowstone understood the matter. It kept Pah-ghee nearly in the middle, and put on an extra burst of speed. Pah-ghee lay as flat as he could, and the torrent did its best for him, but it seemed to him a slow kind of a river after all until he was past the camp-fires, and had not been seen or shot at. Then he admitted that it was a pretty good river, and worked his paddle branch to keep himself steered away from banks and drifting trees. He felt that he was doing a tremendous thing,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

and he felt it more and more deeply as hour after hour went by and still the wild water bore him swiftly on. He knew that he could at any time steer himself near enough to the shore to land safely, and it had not occurred to him to be afraid. He had plenty of time, too, to mourn over the loss of his pony, and to hope that Red Bird would give him another.

It was long after midnight when the camp of the Sioux band was startled by a shrill whoop that seemed to come from the Yellowstone itself, and that was answered by the prompt barking of many dogs. Warrior after warrior sprang to his feet just in time to see a very thin squaw dart past him exclaiming, "Pah-ghee! Pah-ghee! Pah-ghee!"

It was but a few minutes after that when a dusky-looking circle of braves stood around Red Bird while he listened to the report of his successful young scout. His first remark was made to all of them: "Red Bird is a great chief! Ugh! Pah-ghee lost his pony. Made river into pony to come back. Be big brave some day. Give him two ponies. Know just what to do now."

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

He took it for granted that the cavalry would come straight down the river after him, and so he must go up the river to get away from them. He could not cross it, but he could make a wide circuit around the rocky and broken stretch, through a pass he knew, and get back to the bank again, just where the blue-coats had struck it. He was, as he said, a great and wise chief, for by so doing he mystified his pursuers entirely and got away from them for that time. Four days afterwards there was an Indian camp on the spot where the cavalry had been when Pah-ghee rode by them on the Yellowstone. While the rest of the band were doing something else, Pah-ghee and his mother rode away as if they were hunting for something. They rode until they came to a deep gully leading down to the water, and they found a pony there. He had ceased eating grass for a moment, and was looking hard at a terrapin on a log out in the water. Pah-ghee gave a whoop, and his mother helped him, and the pony whinnied vigorously. He turned and trotted straight towards them. They


ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

had three ponies now, and Pah-ghee had earned fame, and was considered a boy not to be carelessly thrown away. He was also called by a name that meant "The young brave that rode down the river on a log all night." If a loosely made lumber wagon were to be loaded with empty barrels and run away with over a stony road, a yard of that noise, with a cough in the middle and at each end, would sound a good deal like that name, but his mother was proud of it, and never called him by any other.

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

The Hero of an Apache Raid

I

O begin with, it was not an investment of gold or silver in land or bonds, or any of those things for which men vainly toil and strive, in constant peril of their souls. Of all that, I know nothing. I am simply to tell how Lawson, a volunteer soldier, defended the Cienega Ranch during the long hours of a summer day against a band of Mescalero Apaches, red-handed, thirsting for plunder, and bent upon his destruction.

I have said that Lawson was a volunteer soldier. If I rightly understood him, he was born in Ohio. At any rate, he served in the Ohio infantry, and enlisted for the war, with

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

a thousand others, in the early fall of 1861. By rights he ought to have been drilled and properly set up and disciplined in some sort of camp of instruction in Kentucky or southern Ohio, but there was no time for that, so great was the need for men, and so he had to acquire his manual of arms and other military A B C's in the field from day to day as he went along. Now this is not the best way nor the way laid down in the books, but it was the only way for Lawson, and whatever may be said against it, it is thorough and to the last degree effective.

In the raw early spring of 1862, Lawson's regiment, still rusty in its deployings and facings, and having as yet no abiding knowledge of the goose step, began its campaigning in west Tennessee. He was at Donelson and Shiloh, and later got his first lessons in digging and the use of the head-log at the siege of Corinth. After that was over, he marched about, hither and yon, as his generals wished—but somewhat aimlessly as *he* thought—in northern Mississippi. This sort of thing was kept up all through the fall and

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

winter until the spring came, and the Army of the Tennessee set out to do something at Vicksburg. He did his share of digging and fighting in the hot trenches there, and then, just as the cool fall breezes were beginning to blow, he betook himself with Sherman to the relief of his beleaguered comrades at Chattanooga, arriving just in time to share in Corse's gallant but unfruitful assault upon the north end of Missionary Ridge. Always a private, he missed none of the marching or fighting or digging of the Atlanta campaign, and closed the year '64 with the long, sweet-potato walk to Savannah and the sea. Then he waded and toiled up through the miry Carolinas, adding not a little to his military stature and to his stock of technical war knowledge in the way of corduroying and trestle bridges, and at Bentonville finished, as he had begun, a private, full of dearly bought experience, fuller still of malaria, an expert in all the arts of defence, a resolute and resourceful soldier, who had been tried on many an emergent occasion, and who had stood shoulder to shoulder with the boys

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

whenever they lined up at the sound of the long-roll or rushed to the parapet to repel the assaults of the enemy.

At last, when the whole thing was over, and he had been paid off and discharged, and had spent the greater part of the little that was coming to him in seeing the great world that lay between Pittsburg and Columbus, Lawson fared back to the peaceful Maumee Valley, with his chills and fever and his slender resources, only to find himself a sort of living vacancy in the body-politic. Look where he would, there seemed to be no place open for an old soldier like him in the changed order of things that somehow seemed to prevail in the little community which he called his home. He was in no sense a "hustler," he had no trade but war, no capital save his strong arms and an honest heart, and no powerful friends to push him in any direction, and so, after many disappointments, it came about that he drifted down to Cincinnati, and there enlisted in the regular army. He had served side by side with the regulars for four long years, and they were now the only

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

folk with whose goings and comings he was familiar; and for the first time since his discharge he felt at home among the lean infantrymen as he ate his bacon and beans in the company kitchen, and took his turn at guard, as he had been used to do, or discussed the characters of his generals with the old men who had served under them when they were lieutenants in Mexico, in the hazy days before the war, when men's minds were at peace and soldiering a trade worth thinking of.

The days rolled into weeks and months. There was little to do, there were many to do it, and he was content, ay, happy—happier than he had been at any time, that he could remember, since the winter quarters at Chattanooga, after the blockade was broken and fresh beef and soft bread were issued every day. But this was altogether too good a thing to last, and the end came one day when a big detachment of ex-deserters and bounty-jumpers were assigned to the Fourteenth, and the good times were gone forever. To Lawson it was an enigma, and he gave it up,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

but it came about in this way: When the great volunteer armies were disbanded and sent to their homes, there remained on hand a residuum of deserters and men without souls, who had been bought with a price, but who belonged to no regiment, and so were kept in pay when the rest were mustered out and discharged. Of a sudden it occurred to the powers that this unpromising material might be put to some use in filling the depleted ranks of the regular army.

But fire and water will not mix, and if honest dough-boys be shaken together with such sons of Belial the regimental traditions will suffer, and discipline will surely come to naught. And so it happened that the old Fourteenth had to undergo all the pangs of dyspepsia before it could make way with the indigestible mass that had thus been cast upon it. There is no telling what dire happening would have come to the regiment had this state of things been allowed to continue indefinitely. A period was put to it at last, however, by a telegram, which came to the commanding officer at dead of night, trans-

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

ferring the Fourteenth to Arizona. Then it was that the deserters and bounty-jumpers held council of the situation, and being of one mind as to the unpleasing outlook, took wing and troubled the service no more, and the old Fourteenth, weaker in numbers but stronger in *men* than it had been since Fredericksburg, was landed at Yuma, where it was appointed to garrison the abandoned posts and protect the overland mail from the depredations of the Apaches, who had been working their will of late upon the unprotected settlements in southeastern Arizona. Here, taking his chances with the rest, and doing his full share of escort and fatigue, Lawson served "honestly and faithfully," as it ran in his discharge papers, until his term expired and he was a free man again. And then it was that he went up to keep the mail station at the Cienega.

II

The Cienega, or, to give the place its full name, the Cienega de las Pimas, was a low-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

lying, swampy valley through which a small stream ran, alternately rising and sinking after the manner of creeks and rivers in Arizona. To the west, twenty-eight miles away, was the pueblo of Tucson, a cathedral town, once the capital of the territory. To the east, twenty-two miles distant, was the middle crossing of the San Pedro. To the north there was nothing; while to the south were the Whetstone Mountains, then old Camp Walleu, the Patagonia Mine, and Old Mexico. The Cienega itself was flat, infested with all manner of poisonous vermin, submerged in the rainy season, and miry and impassable, in a military sense, at all times. It was also malarial, and to the last degree unlovely to the eye. A few dead cottonwood-trees, upon which the owls creaked at sunset, rose stiffly here and there out of the general dead level of sacaton grass and chaparral, while the tarantula and centipede and the ubiquitous rattlesnake reserved to their unhallowed uses the moist, impenetrable depths below.

The station had been located just where

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

it was because it broke into two fairly equal parts the long fifty-mile drive from Tucson to the crossings of the San Pedro. Wagon trains and occasional parties of prospectors or travellers camped at the Cienega on their way to the White Mountains, or to the Apache Pass and New Mexico, and from their small needs in the way of refreshment for man and beast Lawson and his partner eked out an extremely moderate existence. At very rare intervals a troop of regular cavalry passed that way, and the ranchmen ministered to its needs in the way of long forage to the extent of twenty dollars or more. These were red-letter days for Lawson — a very gold-mine, indeed—and led him to hope that, sometime in the uncertain future, he might be able to leave the Cienega forever, and go back to Ohio, where green grass and tall trees grew, where churches and kindred were, and where he might, perhaps, take a new start in life in a land beyond the dim eastern mountains, where pistols were not, and where civilization flourished throughout the year. This was a dream that came to Lawson in

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

the night when a big escort camped at the Cienega and he could eat and sleep in peace.

No one who knows Arizona need be told that the Apaches were particularly bad in the early seventies. No place outside the towns or beyond the lines of the garrisoned forts was safe from their incursions. Depredations were of daily occurrence, and ceased only when there were no white men left to kill and no horses or cattle to steal and carry away. A single traveller journeyed south of the Gila and east of the Santa Cruz, not simply at his peril, but to certain, inevitable death. It was the same with two, or three; if four travelled together, they had a running chance to escape if the marauding party was less than ten, or if the attack came within an hour of darkness. On the whole, the best local judgment, both civil and military, was that five persons, alert, fully armed, and, above all, judiciously scattered along the trail, were the smallest company that could venture into the country ranged over by the Mescalero or Chiricahui Indians with any chance of getting out alive.

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

The roads were dotted with the graves of those who had paid, with their lives, the awful penalty of being too venturesome, and the isolated ranches were heavily barred and otherwise defended against the common enemy. The Cienega was no exception to the rule; indeed, on account of its perilous situation, it had one or two defensive features which less-exposed ranches lacked, and which I shall presently describe. Partly because it was located near the junction of several large north and south Indian trails, and partly because of the ease with which it could be approached from the dense chaparral, it was always surrounded by hostile Apaches, and its occupants went in and out under their constant observation.

The ranch building proper, for there was but one, stood on the east bank of the muddy creek, just above where the old overland stage-road had managed to find a practicable crossing. As the trail left the ford, it wound sharply up the slope and passed between the ranch building and a huge outcrop of volcanic rocks which stood directly opposite the main

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

entrance to the inner court, or corral. This pile of rocks had been regarded as having some defensive value when the ranch was built, apparently with the idea that, in the event of an attack, it might serve as a kind of outwork which could be defended for several hours before the garrison would be compelled to fall back to the shelter of the ranch proper. It was also so situated that, in case of siege, a small party could sally out of the main building and find cover behind the rocks long enough to enable its defenders to get a supply of water from the creek.

The enclosure, which was rectangular in plan, measured about sixty feet on each front or side. The middle of the front wall, facing the north, was pierced by a sally-port, or entranceway, about fifteen feet in width, which was closed by a heavy oaken gate. In conformity to the style of domestic architecture prevailing in all Spanish-American countries, where life and property are less safe than they are in the lands more favored of Heaven where the Anglo-Saxon dwells, this gateway was the only means by which

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

an entrance could be effected, as the other walls were without openings of any kind save those which looked upon the inner court. The rudely constructed interior can be quickly described. On the east side of the entrance was a large living-room some twenty feet square; on the west were several smaller rooms for horse-gear and the storage of grain. The other three sides were roofed, but not otherwise enclosed, and were used as stables.

At the southeast corner, opposite the living-room, Lawson had built a circular flanking tower, which projected a little more than three feet beyond the outer walls, and from this corner tower, which was loop-holed, the east and south sides of the enclosure could be raked or flanked. It was a novel construction, and Mexican cargadors, wrapped in their serapes of manta, sat squat on their haunches and soberly regarded it for hours, wondering at the Gringo's strange conceit in building. Curious travellers casually observed it in passing, and thought it a spring-house, or perhaps a place where

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

whiskey and other precious valuables could be safely deposited; but none, even the most inquisitive, suspected its real purpose or gave it a moment's serious thought. We shall presently see, however, how useful it proved to be.

The living-room was simple and plain to the last degree. In the first place, there was a fireplace of adobe, at which all the cooking was done; there were two rude bunks, in which Lawson and his partner slept, and there was a rough table, made out of a discarded hardtack box, which stood under the window overlooking the interior court. These, with a half-dozen stout chairs with rawhide seats, completed the scanty array of furniture.

Each man wore a pistol and a thimble-belt always, and was never far from a repeating Winchester rifle. At the head of each bed, ready for instant use, stood a perfect arsenal of weapons of all dates and calibers. Some were modern, and likely to be of service in an emergency, the rest were antiquated and obsolete, mere bric-à-brac

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

indeed, and were kept because, as Lawson put it, "they might come in handy sometime."

III

So, as the matter stood, the garrison—that is, Lawson and his partner Green, an ex-Confederate from the Army of Northern Virginia — had thought the thing all over, and settled in their minds that, in the event of an attack, they would proceed in this way: If the attack came from the north, which was by all odds the most exposed and dangerous quarter, they would first hold the rock outwork to the last extremity. It was agreed between them that their principal danger would consist in an attempt on the part of the Indians to scale the walls, either to make a lodgement on the roof or to set it on fire. Now if such an attempt happened to be made on the east or south side, which was commanded by the flanking tower, the garrison would be heard from, and serious injury might be inflicted upon the assailants—enough, perhaps, to

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

hold them in check until the mail-drivers, who passed daily in either direction, could carry the alarm to the regular cavalry posts at Tucson and the Apache Pass. It should be said, however, that so much of the partners' ingenious plan of defence as depended upon the arrival of a mail-rider was, at best, a feeble reliance, as they were more likely to be killed than not in the event of an attack; but, feeble as it was, it was all that seemed to stand between the occupants of the ranch and a lingering death by torture, should the Apaches conclude to make a descent in force upon the Cienega; and thus matters stood just before sunrise on the morning of the 21st of July, 1870.

It was then that the attack came. At the gray of dawn, Green, who was astir feeding the animals, as was his custom, fancied that he heard some suspicious noises among the hogs who were hunting young rattlesnakes in the big rock pile in front of the main door. Seizing his rifle, he unfastened the gate and stole cautiously out across the road, and pushed up, under cover of the bowlders, to a

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

point of vantage from which he could overlook the swamp lying to the northward. He had hardly reached shelter when two sharp reports rang out in the still morning air, *not from the swamp in front, but from the road at his right and rear!* Green's soldierly instinct told him what this meant, and before the reports had ceased to echo he plunged back across the road and shot through the big gate in safety. As Green sped through the storm of bullets, closely followed by an athletic warrior, he felt the hot breath of a rifle-ball from his partner's Winchester, which brought down his pursuer stone-dead well within the entrance-gate. The long-looked-for attack had come, and the first brief passage at arms was over. Save that their skins were whole, the partners had but little to congratulate themselves upon. The first step in their carefully elaborated plan of defence had utterly miscarried. Green had been compelled by a flank attack to abandon the outwork without even an attempt at resistance. Lawson had tried to shut the gate, but had failed, and it was now too late

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

to undertake so dangerous a task under the rifles of a score or more of Apache warriors, who, from their perches in the rocks, now fully commanded every approach to the building from the north.

So the partners fell back towards the south wall of the enclosure, and established themselves among the kicking-posts, in a position from which they could still command the half-open gateway. It would now seem as if the Indians had it in their power to carry the building by a single bold rush through the entrance-gate; and that is precisely what would have happened had the attacking party been composed of white men or of Sioux Indians or Cheyennes—or Nez Percés, for that matter—but the Apache is a brutal coward, and doesn't do things that way. With him the taking of human life is always a means to an end. His first object is plunder, and he kills whatever stands between him and the object of his unholy desire. But he does nothing blindly or without carefully calculating all the chances, so as to eliminate or reduce to a minimum the risk of losing his

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

own worthless life or those of his companions in iniquity. A marauding party will spend hours in planning the murder of a mail-rider, and will arrange every detail with such devilish cunning as to leave their victim absolutely no loophole of escape.

And this, strangely enough, was Lawson's present salvation. The Indians did not know how many men there were in the ranch, or how they were posted. Until they had gained this information, the partners could count upon it that there would be no assault by way of the half-closed gate, as it shut out from view more than half of the interior of the court. A thorough knowledge of their wily enemies, however, served to determine the next step in their scheme of defence. It is a dogma of the Apache's crude and grewsome religious belief that some dire happening will befall the band that leaves its dead in the hands of an enemy. Now Green's pursuer, carried forward by the tremendous pace at which he was running, had fallen, as we have seen, well within the gateway, and his dead body was stretched

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

out in full view of the partners from their station in the corral. It was certain as anything in Apache warfare could be that the next move of the enemy would be to recover the body of the dead Indian. The only question was as to whether, in making the attempt, they would charge in considerable force or intrust the difficult task to the prowess of a single warrior.

The garrison had not long to wait. There was a hurried conference among the rocks, a scratching of moccasined feet on the hard clay without the gate, and then the notes of the death-song rose on the morning breeze as a lusty warrior made a dash for the body of his comrade. As he bent to lift his ghastly burden, he fell under the sight of Lawson's rifle and dropped across the lifeless body of his companion. There were now two dead Apaches in the gateway under control of the partners' rifles, and to Lawson's mind the next move of the enemy was perfectly clear. For their souls' peace, the bodies of the dead must be gotten back at all hazards. The attempt was only a question of time, and of a

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

short time at that. The only hope in the situation for the partners was that the rush, when it came, would be for the sole purpose of recovering the bodies, and that the Indians would not succeed at the same time in gaining a view of the defenceless interior. And so, as matters stood, if the partners could in some way manage to delay the recovery of the bodies, there would be so much time gained, and they would increase to that extent their slender chance of relief. It must be confessed that the outlook was far from cheerful. The cloudless sky glared over them, and the stifling heat reflected from the white clay floor penetrated every corner of the enclosure as the morning hours slowly burned themselves away. An ominous silence reigned without everywhere, and neither sight nor sound came from the enemy to relieve the consuming anxiety of the beleaguered garrison.

Through the partly open gate nothing could be seen of what was happening outside, for a chopping-log intervened in such a way as to shut out from their view the narrow

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

opening under the gate, between its lower rail and the ground. As the sun rose higher and began to light up the dark passageway leading out of the enclosure, it occurred to Green that by moving down a stall or two nearer the front it would be just possible for him to see out, *under the gate*, from beyond the end of the chopping-log, and thus, perhaps, get some notion of the movements of the enemy. And so, quietly communicating his intention to his comrade, he cautiously pulled himself along by the hay-racks to gain his point of view.

Just as he was straining his neck to get sight of the opening under the gate, he was brought to his feet by a shot from his partner's Winchester, only to find that his manœuvre was too late—*the bodies of the Indians were gone!* Lawson, who was standing erect, had seen the bodies begin to move, and had fired somewhat at random, in the hope of preventing their recovery. He was not successful, however, and he could only look on as they slowly disappeared from his view. The partners looked at each other in

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

silence. Each changed his tobacco slightly and tightened his thimble-belt, but otherwise made no sign. Both knew only too well what the movement meant. It was now a matter of watching out the day, not knowing when or in what form the direful end would come. It seemed idle to count upon anything in the shape of relief from the mail-drivers, who were really in greater peril than themselves, as the Indians were watching the roads for some distance in either direction. More than this, the buckboard from the west would not reach the Cienega until midnight, while the driver from the San Pedro crossing, though due just after dark, if he were so fortunate as to escape with his life, would have a stiff hundred-mile drive to double back to the cavalry post at Apache Pass. They knew that Colonel Stanwood, its able and resolute commander, would start at the first note of alarm, and ride hard and fast to their relief; but push as he might, the distance was great, and the better part of twenty-four hours would be consumed in covering the hot hundred-mile march across a water-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

less desert that lay between his post and the beleaguered garrison at the Cienega.

IV

The sun grew hotter, the blinding glare increased, the morning breeze fell away, and not a sound from the enemy reached the intent ears of Lawson and his comrade. The hours dragged heavily along until the sun stood past noon, and still the partners kept their weary vigil, and strained eye and ear for some sign or sound of the enemy. Their continued silence was felt by the garrison to be due to the fact that part of the Indians had gone some distance away to bury their dead in the rocks, or hide them from view in the dark fastnesses of the swamp; but when and in what manner they would renew the assault was still a mystery past their solving.

Suddenly, an hour or more past midday, Lawson, who had crawled down towards the living-room in quest of water, heard a faint, grating sound which seemed to come from

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

the top of the corral wall upon which the flat roof of the stable rested. Springing back into the corner tower, and adjusting his eye to the loophole, the plan of the assailants could be seen at a glance. The Indians had brought a light cottonwood log from the ruins of a disused bridge, a mile or more up the road, and were now attempting to scale the wall with a view to setting fire to the rough thatch which covered the stables at the north-eastern corral. As Lawson reached the loophole an athletic Apache had succeeded in reaching the top of the wall, while two of his fellows, standing on the ground, held the pole steadily between them as their companion climbed. It seemed never to have entered their heads that their movements could be observed from the flanking-tower, or that they were in danger from any other quarter than the entrance-gate in the north wall of the enclosure. They were now to get their first lesson in civilized warfare, and a sorrowful lesson it was to be for the scaling party.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Lawson

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

summoned his comrade with a gesture, and they quickly agreed upon their plan. The loophole in the north side of the tower, which commanded a view of the assaulting party, was about eighteen inches high and hardly more than two inches wide at the outside, but as it entered the wall it flared or opened to a width of nearly a foot in order to give the defenders a greater field of fire. To insure the greatest results, both were to fire together. Lawson, who was the taller of the two men, was to fire from the top of the loophole, and was to bring down the Indian who had climbed the pole and had just succeeded in starting a little blaze in the dry tulle grass at the edge of the loosely thatched roof. Green, who was to give the signal, was to fire below Lawson, and was to wait until his sights covered the two Apaches who were steadying the pole. It seemed to Lawson, whose task was easy, as if the signal would never come. First one Indian would stoop to adjust his hold, then the other would move forward; then for an instant both would cross each other as they strove to keep the pole from

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

turning. At last, after what seemed an age of waiting, the warrior at the top, satisfied with his incendiary endeavor, signalled to his comrades below to hold fast and make ready for him to descend. As the Indians at the bottom braced themselves squarely to steady the improvised ladder, the signal came, and two deafening reports rang out in the burning air, filling the narrow tower with smoke so dense as for a time to conceal the enemy from view. As the smoke slowly cleared away the partners anxiously looked out. *The scaling party were nowhere to be seen!* The climber and one of his supporters lay dead at the foot of the wall. Above them the thatch was beginning to crackle and burn. The other had disappeared from view, but the sounds of scurrying feet in front of the ranch, however, made it plain to the little garrison that he had not escaped scot-free. The partners silently shook hands, and for the first time since the investment began renewed their chews of tobacco, and made a general and deliberate readjustment of their clothing and cartridge-belts.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Assault number two had been repulsed, and the Apaches had had their first lesson in modern fortification. But they were apt pupils, and, as will presently be seen, were to apply their dearly bought knowledge in a manner most surprising to the closely besieged ranchmen. Now the besetting sin of all flanking arrangements is the "dead angle," well known to all military men, and studiously avoided by them in all defensive constructions. A bastion, or corner tower, intended to bring a cross or raking fire along the exposed face of a fort or a field-work, *must itself be flanked* in some way, else its defensive value is lost, and it becomes a source of weakness to the besieged, and gives a great and positive advantage to the besieger. For an enemy may approach its outer or unflanked side with impunity, and work there such havoc as he wills; and to this space, not swept by fire from any other part of the work, military men have given the name of "dead angle."

So it chanced that when Lawson—who, as we have seen, had not been trained in the schools—was constructing his corner tower,

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

he had cut loopholes close to the eastern and southern walls, through which those fronts might be raked along their entire length, but it had not occurred to him that, by omitting the loopholes in the outer circumference of his tower, he left a large dead angle against which an assault could be brought which the garrison would be utterly powerless to hinder or obstruct.

The Indians, after their second rebuff, seemed to have again gone into silent committee of the whole, and were now brewing another scheme of assault which should take into account the white man's new engine of destruction. The sun was beginning to cast slanting shadows from the west, but the heat and glare showed no sign of relenting, and the close corner tower glowed like a living furnace. As the Indians seemed to have given up all thought of an assault by the entrance-gate, the partners determined to abandon the general defence of the interior and restrict their endeavors to the flanking-tower. And so, panting with heat and tortured by thirst, the defenders stood at their posts, each

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

watching from his loophole the angle of ground outside the walls that fell within the limits of his narrow view, and waited, stoically, for what the afternoon was to bring in the way of unwelcome or dangerous surprise. As we are about to see, the outcome of their waiting was not to be long delayed.

The declining shadows marked about the hour of four as Lawson drew back suddenly from his loophole and cast a searching glance upward at the low-hanging roof. In a moment a suspicious noise which had caught his ear was renewed. *It was the grating sound again*, as of crackling adobe, but nearer; and there could be no mistaking its ominous meaning. Suddenly Green touched his partner and pointed up to the thatch, where a few fragments of adobe, dislodged by the jar outside, were falling over their very heads, showing that the enemy were at work in the dead angle where there were no loopholes. The Indians had discovered the weak point in their scheme of flank defence, and the garrison was now absolutely at their mercy. The exact purpose of the enemy was not yet

LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

quite plain. If it were another endeavor to burn the roof, there was still a shadow of hope. If the Indians were going to attempt to breach the walls, or, worse, moisten them with water from the creek and saw them down with a horsehair lariat, then the end was indeed near. Meantime the noise increased; there was a scraping of feet on the dry thatch on the top of the wall, then a shot, and Green, with a bullet through his brain, fell dead at his comrade's feet. Almost instantly Lawson fired upward at random, and a heavy thud on the ground outside evidenced the success of his endeavor to avenge his comrade, and the temporary failure of the enemy's new plan of assault.

Alone with his dead, Lawson now stoically awaited the end. The Indians were maddened at their losses; darkness was still some hours away, and death by torture or, at the last extremity, by his own hand, seemed to the exhausted survivor a question of but a few moments' time. Having solved the mystery of the dead angle, a dozen warriors could now climb the tower, or, if their next attempt were

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

as original in its conception as the last, a single Apache, from the top of the pole, could hold his rifle over the roof and riddle the interior with perfect safety. To add to his peril, the afternoon breeze from the north had sprung up, and the gate was beginning to swing slowly back and forth; the least stiffening, and the gate would be blown open and the whole interior exposed to view.

Still the silence continued, and Lawson stood by his dead partner and mechanically turned the cylinder of his revolver as he speculated idly whether the last cartridge, which he had reserved for himself, would miss fire when the awful emergency came. They had missed so often—for it was in the early days of metallic ammunition, and pistol cartridges were notoriously unreliable. If it did fail, they would give him no chance to try again. He no longer hoped or feared; his past was an eventless, uninteresting blank, which he had neither will nor power to recall.

Dazed at the happenings of the day, his busy brain ceased to plan; he leaned on his rifle and strove to breathe in the stifling


LAWSON'S INVESTMENT

atmosphere, and waited for what the next instant was to bring. How long this continued he could never tell. He could only remember how his heart started to beat as he heard, through the northern loophole, the faint tinkling of a distant bell. Could it be so? Again he strained his ear to listen, and again came the harsh tinkling. There could be no doubt of it; it was relief at last, unexpected and un hoped-for, and seemed to have come to him from the blazing skies.

A train of freight-wagons, heavily manned, which he had supposed to be still on the Yuma desert, had left Tucson at dawn of day, and was now slowly making its way through the swamp, intending to make camp at the Cienega ere the sun went down. The Indians had accurately measured its strength, and, recognizing their utter inability to cope with twenty well-armed teamsters, had decamped as quietly and silently as they had come, and the siege was over.

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

Standing off the "Red Men"

ARRY BROWN had the cowboy fever, and this is the way that he caught it. During the early spring Harry's uncle had been a guest of the Brown family for several weeks, while the boy had been regaled with stories of wild Western life and adventure until his dreams suggested a panorama of prairie-land, cowboys, a whole menagerie of savage animals, and an endless procession of gayly bedecked and hideously painted Indians galloping furiously across the plains.

Uncle Joel had taken a great fancy to his sister's child, and, having a boy of his own about the same age, he proposed to the somewhat startled parents to carry the lad away with him for the summer, and give him an

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

outing on his ranch, where he would have the companionship of his sixteen-year-old cousin Frank, whom he had placed at school in Chicago for the winter, and for whom he intended to call when on his way back to Wyoming.

After considerable pleading and argument, Harry's mother at length allowed herself to be almost persuaded that if he went he would not be converted into a long-haired, swaggering, pistol-shooting citizen, and that hostile bands of redskins were not in the habit of lying in ambush around the ranch for the purpose of scalping its inmates several times a day; so at last she hesitatingly added her consent to that of her husband's.

During the remaining week of Uncle Joel's stay in New York the poor man was subjected by the anxious mother to such a running fire of cross-questioning, and so made to feel the awful responsibility that he was incurring by taking Harry away from his comfortable home, to strangers and savage beasts and wild cowboys, as well as bloodthirsty Indians, that he would have gladly gone back on his

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

contract, even if it cost him a dozen of his best steers.

The Saturday set for the departure arrived, and Harry was escorted to the depot by a large delegation of his school-mates, who gazed enviously at their companion striding along at the side of his rich cowboy uncle, who had been elevated into a hero in their minds by reason of the startling tales of Indian adventure in which, according to his nephew's account, he had been a most prominent actor. It is safe to say that Harry's imagination was responsible for the gaudy coloring of some of the stories, and that the rate at which his uncle was reputed to have cleaned out the red men whenever an uprising took place proved conclusively that the savages were either so thick in Wyoming that they interfered with one another's walking, or that they were wise enough not to go upon the war-path very often—otherwise that territory would have lost all its natives long before.

After two days of anticipation, Harry stepped off the train at Chicago to greet a lad

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

whom he had seen on the platform from the car-window, and whose resemblance to Uncle Joel permitted no doubt as to his relationship. Frank had been written to some days previous concerning the companion that had been selected for him for the summer, and had been anxious to meet his cousin, so, as he expressed himself to a school-mate, "to size him up and see what stuff he was made out of."

For a moment after Uncle Joel had introduced them, in his bluff but kindly way, the boys held back just a trifle, as though measuring each other according to individual standards; then a mutual smile of pleasure and satisfaction lit up their faces, and they shook hands heartily and walked off arm in arm, to the gratification of Mr. Williams, who heard them exchanging confidences and speculating over the coming vacation.

The ride from the foot of Lake Michigan to the city of Cheyenne was full of novelty and excitement for the Eastern boy, whose previous travelling had never carried him beyond the limits of the Empire State.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

On the morning of the day that the train rolled into the capital city of Wyoming, Mr. Williams pointed to a natural and lofty pyramid of rocks situated a few hundred feet away from the track, telling them to take in the situation quickly, as the train would shortly round a curve and hide it from view.

Harry asked his uncle if there was a history connected with the scene, and, learning that his suspicions were well founded, begged for the story. Mr. Williams began in the orthodox fashion:

"A long time ago, when I was a young fellow about twenty - three years of age, I first came out to this part of the country as a member of a railroad-surveying party. One awfully hot August afternoon we had worked our stakes along until we reached the big mass of rock that I pointed out to you a few minutes ago. As there was a promise of a thunder-shower, according to the big black clouds soaring up out of the northwest, and as we were all knocked up with the heat, our chief gave orders to unhitch the cattle and to camp under the shade of the rocks.

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

"We had two good guides and Indian-fighters in our outfit, and, being in a hostile country, of course they were always on the alert for Indian signs and ambushes. Although we had had several attacks from the hair-lifting individuals, they had always been made when we were prepared, owing to the warning given by our guides. Why it was that they were so careless on that day I speak of I cannot say, unless the burning heat of the forenoon had taken away their shrewdness and caution.

"As far as the eye could reach in every direction there was nothing but rolling prairie except right against our backs, where the bare and ragged rocks went up almost straight into the misty, heat-charged atmosphere. As we intended to stay in camp for the remainder of the day and the night, sentinels were stationed on the four sides of the rock, and the mules and horses were allowed to crop the parched grass in the vicinity as far as their picket-ropes would allow them to wander. We intended to drive them within the square of wagons before dark,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

so as to make them secure against a stampede.

“About four o’clock the storm came sweeping across the prairie, and for about an hour the thunder rolled and cracked, and the lightning flashed as it knows how to do in Wyoming; then when it seemed to be dying away there came a blinding flash of fire in our faces and the most awful crash I ever heard. It stunned us all for a moment, so that when something came pitching down from the rocks just over our heads and fell with a thud on the sodden grass a few feet away, we imagined it to be a piece of the cliff detached by the last concussion. After that the rain ceased and the sun shone out. Then it was that we discovered the thing in front of us to be a Cheyenne warrior. After the first look there was no use in seeking for signs of life in him, for his face was as black as that of a negro, and one side of him was horribly burned. It didn’t take us long to reason that he had been hidden away among the rocks, spying on us, and that the last lightning-bolt had been attracted to him by the steel

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

tomahawk in his belt. After that we pulled out on the open prairie and kept a close watch on that pile of rock for the remainder of the afternoon and night, for we didn't know how many more of the heathen might be in hiding up there; but nothing further happened, and in the morning we said good-bye to it with a big feeling of relief."

At Cheyenne, Mr. Williams' foreman and several ranch hands were in waiting with saddle-horses for the party. During the two days that the party remained in the city Frank gave Harry some valuable lessons in horsemanship, and after about a week's experience, in which time he became hardened to the saddle, Harry found no greater enjoyment than in galloping about the range on the back of a fiery young horse that his cousin had raised, and which he presented to him "for keeps," as he expressed it.

Now Frank Williams was a kind-hearted young fellow, and during the fortnight that he and Harry had been thrown together a mutual affection had grown between them; but Frank was brimming over with mischief,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

and he conceived a plan for having a laugh at his "tenderfoot relation," as Harry was called by the cowboys.

The few Indians who appeared in the vicinity of the ranch belonged to a peaceable tribe of Cheyennes, but when the opportunity came Frank intended to make these demoralized and decidedly lazy individuals appear as the most frenzied and bloodthirsty creatures that his imagination was equal to. The cowboys were taken into the secret, and a mysterious visit was made by one of them to the Indian camp, where the chief, who delighted in the high-sounding title of "Dog-with-two-tails," was pleased to dispose of several feathered head-dresses and a quantity of colored pigments for a suspicious-looking black bottle, which the noble savage patted affectionately and stowed away inside his dirty shirt.

Several days after this Frank asked his cousin to take a canter with him to a somewhat remote point of the range where the men were branding the young cattle. As they rode across the undulating prairie, sweet

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

and fresh in the early summer sunshine, Frank explained to his cousin that the Indian outbreaks were always timed to take place when the winter was over. Then he went on to state, with a shade of worry on his face, that although there had been no trouble for some time, it was well to be on guard constantly, for the uprisings generally took place when they were least expected. He kept on in this strain until the branding-place was reached; then Harry became so interested in the round-up and sorting of the cattle that he failed to notice several of the cowboys disappearing into the small woods close at hand.

After a time the boys started on their ten-mile ride for home, allowing their horses to jog along easily, while Frank profited by the occasion to say more about the uncertainty of their savage neighbors, and the recklessness of even riding over the range unless prepared for emergencies.

They had ridden about two miles when their ears were suddenly saluted with the most dreadful series of yells that ever dis-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

graced the human throat. Looking back in the direction of the sound, the boys saw, not more than a quarter of a mile away, coming down on them at top speed, five savages in full war-paint and feathers, brandishing their rifles, while they continued to utter such unearthly screams and howls that Harry afterwards admitted that his hair developed a tendency to lift his cap clear of his head.

"They've broken out!" yelled Frank. "Spur for home or they'll have our scalps!"

The next instant the two boys were frantically driving their heels into the sides of the speeding horses, while behind them the Indians redoubled their yells and swept furiously along in pursuit.

All of a sudden Harry saw Frank's horse, which was a little in advance, step in a hole, pitch on his knees, and send his rider flying out of the saddle. Harry reined up by the side of his cousin, but Frank never moved nor responded to the excited appeal for him to jump up and get on behind.

What was to be done? Back there, only an eighth of a mile away, the redskins were



"THE REPULSE OF THE PRACTICAL JOKERS"

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT

tearing along on their trail, and here, helpless and unconscious, lay his companion.

"I'll never leave him for those fiends to butcher," muttered Harry, pale with fear, but with his teeth set hard and a look of determination on his youthful face. Then he unslung his gun, dismounted from his horse, brought the piece to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel until the head of one of the Indians was in line, and pulled the trigger.

With the report the savages turned their horses and took the back trail, and were soon out of sight.

"The miserable cowards," thought Harry, "to run away from a boy!"


"Harry," said a very shamefaced lad sitting on the ground a few feet away, and rubbing a big lump on the back of his head, "you can put up your gun; there's no danger. I tried to play a joke on you, and the joke came on me. I'm glad that you had only bird-shot in that gun of yours, because you might have killed one of father's cowboys. But I say, Harry, dear old fellow, it was awfully brave of you to stand by me when I was knocked

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

silly by that tumble, and I appreciate it just as much as though it was all real work instead of a joke; and—and—oh! I say Harry, old fellow, don't say anything about it, and if any one ever dares to call you a tenderfoot again when I'm around, why, I'll brand him with the jolliest, biggest iron that we've got on the ranch."

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

A Cheyenne Boy's Revenge

“OW look, Bluebird. See how wise the little roughcoat is. Up! Big chief! March!”

Elk accompanied his commands with expressive actions. He waved his hands upward, threw out his chest, and strutted off along the river-bank. The young bear he was training stood up on his hind-legs and comically repeated his movements.

Bluebird clapped her slender brown hands in delighted applause.

Elk gave a short, pleased laugh. He regarded his accomplished pet affectionately. “That’s enough for to-night,” he said, patting the brown head. “Bluebird,” he added, glancing over towards the Cheyenne village among the straggly trees a few rods back

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

from the river, "let's go see what Yellow Stripe's boy is saying to Much Tongue."

A white lad, whom Elk and his sister recognized as the son of a cavalry officer stationed at the adjacent fort, had just ridden up to the Indian camp, and was leaning across a rifle on his knees, talking to Harlow, the interpreter, called by the Cheyennes Much Tongue.

Elk and Bluebird had attended school on the Reservation since their people had surrendered to the military authorities, and they understood the white man's language.

The sun was just setting. Its long last rays cast reflections across the prairie like gigantic finger-marks. It was late August, and some good-sized rabbits were abroad among the sage-brush at that hour. Alan stopped to fire at them now and then.

Elk and Bluebird, watching his receding figure, saw him dismount and creep cautiously along the ground for some distance before firing. Afterwards he spent several minutes apparently searching among the bushes. Then he remounted his horse and rode on home.

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

"He's lost whatever he shot at," remarked Elk.

He and Bluebird were hunting the bear, whom they had forgotten for a moment, and who, it seemed, had run away. He was not very large; his body might easily be concealed in the high sage. They whistled and called for him.

"Here he comes," Bluebird said at length.

The bushes rustled in a line towards them, and presently they saw the little fellow. He seemed to be struggling with difficulty to reach them. They could hear him pant.

Elk sprang quickly to him. He fell on his knees beside the bear, uttering a cry.

"Oh, Bluebird, he is hurt!"

The cub's breast was covered with blood. His pink tongue lolled out of his mouth. He ceased his efforts to walk when Elk reached him. He sank down in a helpless heap, and looked imploringly up into his master's face.

Elk hastily parted the thick fur to discover the wound. He gave another sharp cry.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Oh, Bluebird, my little dear one is dying! He is shot! He is shot!"

A moment later the bear fell over lifeless.

Elk flung himself upon his face in a passion of tears.

Bluebird took the bear's head between her hands and blew into his face. But he was past any aid in her power.

"Poor little thing!" she murmured, putting it gently down; "the white boy did not know who you were!"

Elk suddenly sprang to his feet. He looked across the dusky prairie to Fort Strong, where lights were beginning to twinkle, and shook his fist.

"Mean coward!" he shouted, menacingly. "I'll pay you back for this! You think because you belong to the strong white tribe that you can do whatever you choose! But I'll tell you that when a Cheyenne's heart gets bad he can find a way to revenge himself!"

"Oh, Elk, don't!" Bluebird laid her hand on her brother's arm. She looked entreatingly into his face, distorted with grief and

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

anger. "I'm sure Yellow Stripe's boy didn't know he was your pet," she said.

"Didn't know? Didn't *care!*" retorted Elk.

He dropped upon his knees, and, drawing the knife from the leather sheath hanging from his belt, began to dig at the darkening earth.

"I'm going to bury him," he said, in a short, hard voice.

Bluebird took out her knife and proceeded to help him.

They dug away without talking. Elk's anger grew as he worked, as if the dark silence about him was filled with a host of malicious, whispering spirits.

"Lone Dog is right," he broke out, bitterly, after a few minutes. "These white people are never really our friends. They conquer us because they are rich and powerful. Then they keep us down like dogs. I'd rather we'd all been captured by the Sioux and killed outright."

"Oh, Elk, think what you're saying!" Bluebird remonstrated. "You know the sol-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

dier chiefs treat us kindly. Remember how often we used to be cold and starved in the old life, and how we lived in fear day and night of enemies, and think of the food and blankets and quiet homes we have here! And, Elk," she added, somewhat shyly, "it is good to have learned the things they have taught us. The white people's way of acting towards one another is wiser for happiness and peace of the heart than ours. We have learned that it is better not to seek revenge, haven't we, Elk?"

Elk's fierce cut at the ground expressed his mental determination to sever himself from all such opinions.

"You always talk that way, Bluebird!" he cried, irately. "But no one except a man coward will overlook an injury, Lone Dog says."

"Oh, Elk, *don't* listen to the hard, sour things Lone Dog says!" Bluebird beseeched.

The boy made no reply. The grave being large enough, he quietly laid the bear in it, refilled the hole, and led the way home.

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

"Ride away from the angry tongue which meddles in a stranger's quarrel, for the fawn with the bit ear shall recover, but if by evil counsel he is made to turn furiously on the wolf he shall surely be torn in pieces."

"Yes, mother, that is why I say I wish Elk would not talk with Lone Dog. He is the angry tongue that is always trying to stir up the boys to do mischief."

Bluebird's voice was seriously troubled. She scraped away thoughtfully at the fresh hide of a buffalo that she and her mother, Ready Proverb, were getting ready to tan.

"Lone Dog is like the lame coyote since he was put in the guard-house for stealing," observed Ready Proverb. "He will not rest until his whole band has felt the snare which caught him."

"Elk's heart is so bad over the bear's death, and he has been in Lone Dog's tepee all morning," said Bluebird.

"Elk is the grandson of my father Wise Eye," the mother responded, placidly; "he will detect the hidden iron that scorched the hide of the branded bull! He will not suffer

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

himself to be led by Lone Dog, who is the dirt of the tribe! Elk shall avenge his wrongs himself in due season! He shall be the powerful warrior of the Cheyennes! He shall count his coups, and they shall be as many as the hairs on his head! He shall lie in peace at night on a bed made of scalps of his enemies!"

"Mother doesn't understand," Bluebird thought, sadly.

She suffered the intense pain the children of a people in a state of transition from savagery to Christianity must suffer in the realization that their parents have failed to grasp the new truths already embraced by their more teachable minds.

Ready Proverb, however, according to her light, was a good mother. She was proud and fond of her children.

"Elk," she presently remarked, "ate very little breakfast, and when a boy's stomach is empty his heart trails on the ground. You better go dig some turnips for his dinner. He always likes turnips."

Bluebird cleaned her knife in the earth and slipped it into its beaded sheath, and started

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

at once after the wild turnips. They grew profusely among the cottonwoods half a mile below the camp.

Bluebird had nearly reached the spot when a strange noise attracted her attention. Looking around, she found that it came from a large, old, tin kerosene can standing a short ways off. She walked towards it curiously.

All of a sudden Elk flew out from behind a tree.

"Don't touch that!" he cried, warningly.

Bluebird started in surprise at finding him so near. She glanced cautiously into the open can. She recoiled from it with a horrified look.

"What *are* you going to do with those rattlesnakes, Elk?" she exclaimed.

"Something." A dark flush spread over the boy's face. He looked sullen and jaded.

Bluebird forgot her consternation in a flood of compassion for her unhappy-looking brother.

"I've come to dig turnips. You'll like them for dinner, won't you?" she said, pleasantly.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"I don't want any dinner," he answered.

"But you ate hardly a mouthful of breakfast."

"I ate enough," returned Elk. "I'm not going to eat so much hereafter. We Reservation Cheyennes overfeed with three meals a day. The braves grow fat and flabby. They cry like children when they're hurt." He blushed with shame, remembering how he had wept for the bear. But his eyes flashed as he shook the can and heard the hissing and rattling of the snakes. "I'm through living the soft life of a white man," he added. "I'm a *Cheyenne*!"

In moving, the light sleeve of his calico shirt slipped up and revealed to Bluebird his arm covered with horrible gashes. Elk had been torturing himself to test his endurance, after the dreadful old tribal custom. Bluebird was convinced that he was acting under Lone Dog's advice. A dread of what her brother might be led to do next by the bad man formed like a layer of ice on her heart.

"Elk," she begged, tremulously, "please come home to dinner. I'm sure you've cour-

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

age enough. I don't think it's weak for a brave to cry when he loses a thing he loves. If you'll eat something perhaps you'll feel differently."

Elk shook his head resolutely.

He did not return until evening. During the afternoon Bluebird's anxious eyes spied him riding along the trail skirting the Bad Lands, making for the town across the river beyond the fort. She felt certain that he had made the long circuit to avoid attention. She wondered why he was leading his second pony.

When Elk returned home he did not have the second pony. He had bartered it for an old rifle and some cartridges. He supposed the weapon was concealed beneath his blanket, but Bluebird, beading a moccasin beside the tepee door, observed it as he passed in. She said nothing about it, but the circumstances added to the weight of her anxiety over Elk's strange actions.

The next day was Wednesday. Elk had not relaxed his gloomy silence since the bear's death. He scarcely spoke to any one; he sulked off by himself.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Bluebird had an errand at the trader's this morning. She was crossing the prairie to the fort, when, glancing over to the west where the hills lay, she saw Elk disappearing into the cañon beside Flat Butte. She looked after the lonely figure with a sigh.

She was kept at the post-trader's for quite a long time before the clerk could wait upon her. At length, while she was selecting her beads, Alan Jervis and an officer came sauntering down the long store past where she stood.

Alan carried a quirt, and he had the cruel little steel wheels which the white chiefs used to make their horses go fast attached to his boot-heels. Bluebird understood that he was dressed for riding. She heard him say to the officer:

"Father said I might come out to the camp for a few days, and I'm going now in about an hour. I know the way, and Harlow has told me of a short-cut the Indians take through a cañon in the hills."

"Past Flat Butte, isn't it?" inquired the officer. "That route is considerably shorter

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

than around the hills, but it's a bad bit of travelling through the cañon. You must look out for the fissures in the ground; the sage completely covers some of them, and you're liable to fall into one and break your neck."

"Harlow warned me," replied Alan.

The two passed on, leaving Bluebird in a strange tumult of troubled thoughts. She began all at once to connect Elk's trip to the Bad Lands that morning with Alan's intended journey through the desolate, rarely travelled cañon.

Elk's sworn purpose to revenge the bear's death, his conversations with Lone Dog, his self-torture to prove his hardiness, the gruesome can of rattlesnakes, the rifle—all these things came before her mind in an ominous jumble.

What did they all mean? What was Elk about to do?

Bluebird forgot her beads. She hurried out of the store through the rear exit, which opened onto the prairie. She started at a rapid pace across the stretch to the hills.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

She had no idea what she was going to do other than that she must find Elk, and in some way, even at the risk of her *life*, prevent an attempt on the white boy. Oh, Elk *must* not hurt him! Elk, when he was his right-minded self, saw, as she did, that revenge was low and cowardly, and did not mean manliness, as they had been led to believe in the old days.

Moreover, she knew that Elk would be summarily dealt with by the fort authorities if he should molest Alan. If he could not escape them by running away, he would be put in prison. The white people hanged men for killing others. It was by such stern laws against wrong-doers that they kept their state of peace.

Bluebird's heart quaked and her steps went faster. It was a sunny morning. She grew very hot. The perspiration poured off her face. She flung away her blanket without stopping. Now and then she glanced hurriedly back to see if Alan was coming. She had just reached the mouth of the cañon when she saw him. She was very tired by

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

now, but she summoned what remained of her strength and started up the narrow pass with fresh vigor.

Alan was not many minutes behind her.

Elk stopped his pony just outside the Cheyenne village to watch Alan's horse going across the open space from the fort to the hills. He had returned from the cañon by a roundabout way, and had escaped Bluebird's observation.

"He'll soon be there," he thought. An irrepressible shudder went through him. He could not see the rider at that distance, but the sun shone on the white horse, and he knew it was Alan's.

As he watched it the memory of a game of marbles he once had played with Alan came involuntarily to his mind. Yellow Stripe's boy had played generously. After the game he had presented Elk with a large bag of marbles. He was a brave white boy. Elk always had liked him until he had killed the bear.

Elk looked at the white speck irresolutely.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Windfoot might get there even now before his slow horse," he was thinking. His heart beat hard; his body leaned unconsciously forward towards Alan.

Impelled by a sweep of changed feelings, he suddenly raised his quirt to start up his pony, when a dark hand fell with deadening force upon his arm.

Lone Dog's evil face looked up at him. "I've put the paint-sticks and a looking-glass in the twisted tree," he whispered.

Elk looked at him undecidedly a moment. Then he heavily replied, "Very good," and turned his horse slowly in among the tepees under the cottonwoods.

Lone Dog smiled satisfiedly as he limped home.

Elk dismounted at his home and went in. Presently he came out with the rifle he had got the day before. He carried it cautiously concealed. The young Cheyennes were not allowed to have fire-arms.

He glanced about a moment for his mother. Then he told himself he was glad she was away from home. Reservation life certain-

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

ly had the effect of making a brave weak-hearted in an enterprise! He felt a moisture about his eyes as he remounted his pony and rode on among the trees down the river to a desolate spot some distance below the camp.

Three-quarters of an hour later he emerged from the trees quite changed in appearance. He had painted yellow lines like sunrays from the corners of his eyes and mouth; on each cheek he had painted a grotesque red spot. He had braided a defiant scalp-lock on the top of his head. He was, in fact, preparing to join a band of hostiles in the north that Lone Dog had directed him to.

It would not be safe, Lone Dog had told him, to remain any longer in the vicinity of Fort Strong. Besides, it was time that he was going on the war-path and making a name for himself.

He tried to grunt "Huh!" in the savage, manly manner he had heard the warriors do. Somehow it sounded rather weak. He did not dare look round towards home as he rode rapidly off for the Bad Lands. Reservation life certainly turned men into children!

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Elk had almost reached the hills when, far down to the south of him, he saw something emerge from the hills close beside Flat Butte.

His keen-sighted eyes peered sharply. It was a boy leading a horse—a white horse. And something was on the horse's back.

Elk stopped his pony and looked excitedly. Could it be possible that Alan had escaped, after all? What would Lone Dog think if he knew that Elk was glad of the escape?

Why was Yellow Stripe's boy walking? The pack on the white horse was a brilliant blue. It looked familiar.

Elk, with a strange presentiment of what had happened, whipped up his pony and started wildly towards the party. He rode like a wild man to reach them. Alan stopped the horse and waited when he saw him coming.

Bluebird, her head and right arm swathed in bandages torn from Alan's shirt, sat upon the horse. She looked towards Elk. The cruel scratches on her face appeared beyond the cloths. Her eyes showed intense suffering.



““DID ANYTHING BITE YOU, BLUEBIRD?” HE SAID,
HOARSELY”



ELK AND BLUEBIRD

Alan began explaining how, riding up the cañon, he had found Bluebird in a cut in the ground, clinging to a root of sage-brush to keep herself from falling to the bottom.

Elk scarcely heard him. He sprang off at Bluebird's side; his face had grown suddenly sharp and thin with terror.

"Did anything bite you, Bluebird?" he said, hoarsely. "Do you feel yourself swelling anywhere?" His sister's soft eyes poured a flood of sorrow into his upturned face.

"No, Elk; I caught hold of a root and held on, and the snakes could not get at me," she said, in Cheyenne. A shudder went over her. "I could hear them rattling beneath me, but the brush was between us."

"I'm certain Bluebird's fall saved my life," Alan was saying, earnestly. "The bottom of that pit was fairly alive with rattlers, and my horse would have crushed right down into them, and then we'd both have been done for. Somebody had covered the hole with dry brush and rubbish, and put loose earth over it. Nobody would have guessed it was a hole. Bluebird says she was run-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

ning right across it. I think it must have been intended for a bear-trap. Do you know, there *are* bears about? I saw one Monday evening, and fired at it, but missed it."

Bluebird shot a swift, meaning glance into Elk's eyes. "The white boy saved my life, Elk," she said. "I couldn't have held on with one hand a moment longer. My right arm broke when I fell, I think, and I couldn't use it. But, dear Elk"—she tried to lean towards him as she added, rapidly, in Cheyenne—"it's all right that only *I* am hurt. I went to the cañon to save Yellow Stripe's boy—and *you*."

Elk had a sudden conviction that the teachings of Reservation life had not made his sister weak-hearted, at all events. There was an appeal in her tones that he did not attempt to resist. She was offering her own sufferings in atonement for Alan's fault. Elk did not let her sacrifice go for nothing. He took a step towards Alan, and extended his hand.

"Hough!" he cried, in a firm, hearty voice,

ELK AND BLUEBIRD

which begged forgiveness and pledged his own friendship.


Elk gave Alan his pony to carry him home. He took charge of Bluebird on the horse.

Lone Dog came limping away out to meet them as they neared the village. His sinister eyes inquired of Elk how his villanously counselled scheme happened to miscarry.

Elk pretended not to see him. His momentary yielding to the disturbers of the youths of the village was over, never to return. Bluebird saw that Ready Proverb was right. Now that the black veil of revengeful passion had swept by and his right vision was restored to him, the grandson of Wise Eye was not, indeed, to be led by the dirt of the tribe.

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

The Triumph of White Light

HE Indians were grouped for the conference in a great semicircle in front of the agency store. The semicircle was several tiers deep, ranging from old men and chiefs in the first row to the squaws and children on the outskirts.

They were a very poor lot of people, so gray and dingy and forlorn it seemed almost as if they might have sprung from the gray sage-brush among which they were seated.

Their thin dark faces looked wistfully up at the commissioner who had come out from Washington to inquire into their welfare.

He regarded them compassionately. "Tell them," he bade the interpreter, in concluding his address, "that the Great White Father

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

is fond of his Indian children, and he sends word that he keeps them in mind and wishes them to be well and happy. He says their annuities will surely come before winter, and he desires the young men to hunt the wild animals and sell the skins and help support the families."

A shrewd expression crossed the face of the interpreter. He was a thick-set man, with steely eyes that were continually glancing here and there. Experience had taught Ralph Wilton to be always on the alert if he would properly grasp circumstances and wield them to his purpose. He was agent as well as interpreter. Moreover, the agency store, though run under another name, belonged to him.

He looked down now at the Indians, realizing his power over them with unscrupulous satisfaction, for this mass of pitiful humanity was simply so much material out of which profit might be made to Ralph Wilton, and in their ignorance they were figuratively as well as literally at his feet.

He repeated the commissioner's words with

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

modifications appropriate to his own desires:

"The Great White Father will be displeased if the young men do not bring in plenty of skins and sell them cheap at the agency store," he said.

There was a little stir in the rear of the crowd; a young woman had started suddenly to her feet. Ralph, glancing towards her for an instant, encountered a pair of blazing eyes. She seemed on the point of speaking.

"That's all!" Ralph loudly addressed the meeting. The chiefs rose and shook hands with the commissioner, who immediately afterwards got into the military ambulance in waiting and started for the fort farther up the river.

Ralph watched the vehicle depart with a strange feeling of relief. He stood looking after it and mastering his nerves for several minutes. The girl who had sprung up like an angry quail among the squaws had given him quite a shock.

"White Light, she's nobody!" he muttered; but the sneer did not dispel his uneasiness.

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

White Light might be nobody but a squaw of an obscure family, but for all that she possessed a power which had suddenly caused Ralph to fear her. She knew English. She knew he had perverted the commissioner's words.

Ralph got a bucket of crackers from the store presently, and took it to where the squaws were still sitting.

"My treat!" he cried, pleasantly, passing them around.

White Light had taken a young child from one of the women, and it lay sleeping in her arms. When Ralph handed her the crackers she shook her head. Ralph shot a disturbed glance at her; he wanted to make friends.

"Take some," he urged.

"I'm not hungry," she replied, nursing the child.

Ralph tossed the rest of the crackers to some children. He stood beside White Light, and looked down at her with a hard smile which was intended to be genial.

"Well, how do you find things in Strong

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Arm's camp? Pretty stupid after Carlisle, eh?" he asked. He never had troubled himself to talk to White Light before, though she had been home three months.

"I keep busy," she answered.

"Busy? Now what are you busy at?" Ralph's tone was quite sharp, though he did not realize it. He waited intently for her reply.

White Light raised her eyes from the child. She had a quiet manner, but it held no trace of self-distrust or timidity.

"I am teaching the children to understand English," she said, with a ring of indignation.

Ralph disconcertedly shuffled off a few steps to recover from the second shock he had received.

A school started under his very eyes without his knowing it! Education was like a dreaded disease to Ralph. Once let it come among the Indians, and his work with them was doomed. An agent's position was not lucrative if he was constrained to act honestly. Ralph's finely conceived schemes for

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

growing rich in a few years must come to nothing the moment the Indians understood what to expect in dealing with him.

White Light spoke to the mother of the child. She thought he seemed ill. They decided to take him home, and presently, mounting their ponies, they rode away.

Ralph walked thoughtfully over to the store. Near the door a boy was marking the ground with a stick. He started off as Ralph approached. Ralph looked down curiously, and saw that he had been drawing the alphabet. He frowned angrily. The disease of learning apparently was making headway. He must get at the roots and destroy it at once.

"Come here, Arrow, I've some candy for you!" he called to the boy.

Arrow returned slowly; the children were afraid of the agent.

Ralph took him into the store, and fed him generously.

"You boys from Strong Arm's camp don't come down to the agency much any more," he observed.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"We can't," Arrow replied. "We go to White Light's school every day now."

"Who makes you do that?"

"Nobody; we like to go. White Light tells us about the wonderful things the whites do. When we learn to talk and read we can do the same."

"Nonsense!" Ralph threw out more candy. "The whites don't have half as good times as Indians. Why, they're regular slaves! Look at how I have to work, and what little fun I have! *I* can't spend my time hunting and playing. The government don't support *me* for nothing. And it won't support the Indians either if they get educated. It'll make them take care of themselves, that's what it will do! I tell you, Arrow, I'm the Indians' friend, and they better listen to me. Education's bad medicine! You children 'll leave it alone if you know what's good for you. Stop wasting your time in school. Come over to the agency and have some fun. Tell the girls and boys I'm going to open a box of raisins for them on killing-day."

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

An expectant look flashed into Arrow's eyes, but quickly died out again.

"White Light don't want us to come to see them kill the beeves," he said. "She says it makes us feel cruel."

Ralph flushed hotly.

"White Light's just trying to spoil every bit of sport there is!" he exclaimed. "Don't you listen to her. Come, as you always do, and watch the beeves killed and cut up. I'll see that each of you get a bit of liver to eat while it's warm and bloody."

Ralph threw out such prospects as baits to rouse the young savage's more brutal instincts.

Arrow's manly little head was dropped when he left the store.

After all, it *was* womanish to listen to White Light!

However, none of White Light's scholars appeared at the agency on killing-day, and Ralph was much annoyed to learn, on careful inquiry, that her influence with the children was backed up by Strong Arm. Strong Arm's word was powerful among his people,

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

and Ralph knew very well that he must not seem to oppose him. He must fight indirectly.

One day he rode out to Strong Arm's camp. On the way he met a large party of young men starting on a hunt.

"Get lots of skins!" Ralph cried to them. He wanted to send them East on the last boat of the season, that soon would be coming up the river.

The first person he encountered on entering the village of rude huts was the mother of the child who had been ill the day of the conference.

Ralph stopped and spoke to her. He was trying to make himself more popular with the people lately.

"How's Moon?" he inquired.

"Oh, he's all well," the mother replied, contentedly. "White Light gave him some of her little white pills."

"White Light! Where was Elk Tooth?"

The squaw shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, White Light said blowing powder up a baby's nose wasn't the best way to

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

cure a fever, and she said Elk Tooth made Moon worse dancing about with his rattle, so we let her take him. She's doctored several children."

"Where can I find White Light?"

Ralph's voice was so sharp it startled the woman. She pointed out White Light's house.

White Light was teaching four little girls to sew when Ralph appeared at the open doorway.

"Good-morning," he said, agreeably. "I come to tell you something that will interest you."

White Light regarded him seriously. She had no faith in the agent.

"They're wanting an Indian teacher over at the Rosebud boarding-school, and I believe you can get the place with my recommend," he said.

"Thank you," White Light replied, unhesitatingly; "but my work is here at home."

"It's good pay," remarked Ralph, "and you'd have a decent place to live." He glanced about. "I say, it's awful hard for

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

the young folk to come back to village life after being civilized!"

White Light's face lighted fervently.

"That's my main reason for wishing to remain," she said. "I can show them how to live in a cleaner and healthier way. I want to do all I can to make things better for Two Trees and Mary Small Foot and Lark, who are coming home in the spring."

"They're all coming back from school?"

"Yes, and four boys are coming to Old Bull's camp." White Light's note was triumphant. She was not mistaken in reading the look on Ralph's face as fear.

"You better think about that school," he said, as he rode off; but he knew the girl would not leave her people.

About a week later the hunters brought in their supplies of hides to the agency store.

White Light accompanied the party. She stood about while the hides were being bargained for. She kept her eyes fixed on Ralph, and it made him nervous. He paid higher prices than ever before for the hides. When

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

the transaction was concluded he suddenly opened a showcase.

"Here, White Light," he said, "I want to give you this silver bracelet."

She drew back slightly. "I don't wear those ornaments any more," she said.

Ralph flung the bracelet back savagely. He could not propitiate this force. It would go on quietly working against him. It was destiny!

He sat meditating gloomily for a long time after the Indians left the store. He glanced with chagrin at the cash-drawer, emptied to pay for the skins.

At length a whistle was heard, and at the sound he sprang to his feet. He was resolved what to do.

"My time here's up," he muttered. "I'm not fool enough to stay next year, when they'll all be back. I'll just make one good haul and pull out."

The whistle came from the steamer plying up the Missouri. It stopped at the agency and left a large quantity of goods.

Early the next morning the Indians flocked

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

to the store. They understood that their annuities had come. They learned disappointedly, however, that the goods were some ordered for the store. Ralph and the four men in his employ said so.

The Indians were greatly troubled. It was the last steamer that would come from the East that season. The weather already was quite cold. Many of them had no blankets.

"You'll have to buy these," said Ralph. "Mason 'll sell 'em pretty cheap, and you'd better lay in a supply of food while the stock lasts."

The poor people saw no alternative. They felt themselves forced to exchange all the money and valuables they possessed for the actual necessities of life. They complained passionately at the government's failure to keep its word.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what to do," he said. "Every time the Indians go on the war-path they get what they want; but let them live along peacefully a few years and they're forgotten."

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

Such words frequently repeated were well calculated to produce the effect Ralph desired, for an outbreak would most effectually obliterate the tracks of his wrong-doing.

The Indians began to hold war-councils; they danced at night, and the braves looked to their ponies.

Ralph, meanwhile, was quietly preparing to slip away from the agency on the steamer when it should make its return trip down the river.

The day it was expected he had a reckoning with his men. He divided a portion of the money from the annuity sales with them.

"You help me get the hides on the steamer," he said, "and then you make tracks up-country fast as you can. I rather guess the outbreak will come soon as they find I'm gone. They're pretty sure to get onto the fact that I've sold them their annuities in a few days, anyway."

As he spoke one of the men glanced towards the door. Ralph turned round and beheld White Light standing there.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he cried, harshly.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

White Light had really come to buy some needles, but she did not ask for them now. She braced her nerves to meet Ralph's eyes calmly.

"I want to know if you'll please lend me your gray horse for a little ride," she said.

Ralph was relieved at this request. He was glad to get her away from the agency as quickly as possible. He replied, cordially, that she might borrow the horse. He fetched it for her himself. He watched her ride away. When she had gone a few rods she started the horse, a famously fleet animal, at a fast gallop.

It was not until she was well away that the purpose of her morning ride occurred to Ralph.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I've helped her to go to the front and inform against me! She heard my talk to the men!" After one appalled moment he laughed. "She'll be fooled this trip," he thought. By the time they could possibly march to the agency from the fort he would be off on the boat. The boat, carried by the current, descended

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

the Missouri with remarkable swiftness. It might even pass the fort after White Light reached it, and still get to the agency before the troops could march there.

Ralph felt himself safe. He did not tell his men about White Light. He knew they would be alarmed and leave at once, and he wanted them to help load his immense cargo of hides onto the steamer. Then they might shift for themselves. It would be flight from the law as well as from the Indians now for them all.

The steamer came in sight about two o'clock. Ralph waited at the landing among his bales of hides. Some Indians were about, but they had no suspicion of his intention to desert.

The steamer came rapidly, but just above the agency it struck a sand-bar. The river was low at that season.

Ralph nervously watched the roustabouts work with long poles to get free from the sand. Sometimes steamers stuck for several hours. Fate might play against him, after all, and the troops come in time to prevent

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

his departure. He scowled heavily to think how he had helped White Light by lending her his swift horse. No other one about could journey so expeditiously. At last he uttered a heartfelt hurrah when the steamer moved.

As it stopped at the agency a deck-hand pushed out the plank. Ralph eagerly caught at the rope and helped to pull it into position. Then, looking round, he started violently. An army officer had his foot on the upper end of the plank. Behind him a number of soldiers were issuing from the cabin, and with them was a United States marshal accompanied by White Light. Realizing the futility of trying to reach the agency in time by marching, they had boarded the steamer as it passed the fort.

Ralph was too securely trapped to make escape possible. He attempted to explain his actions plausibly by saying that, apprehending an outbreak, he was going to leave the agency for safety. But the cause of the trouble was soon made plain, and it did not help Ralph's cause.

RALPH WILTON'S DESTINY

The bad feeling among the Indians was dispelled when it was explained to them that the blankets and food they had bought rightfully belonged to them, and that whatever they had paid should be returned.


They severally presented their claims, and Ralph was forced to return what he had taken from them. White Light acted as interpreter to the marshal and officer.

When affairs had been readjusted as far as possible, Ralph was forced to accompany the marshal back to town.

Just as they were leaving the agency the man who had been despatched to fill Ralph's place arrived. The new man had had large experience with the Indians, and intelligently sympathized with their condition. He would trustily interest himself in their welfare. He passed into the store like a note of glad tidings to the poor people as Ralph passed out.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

A Story of the Senecas

“HAT d' ye think it all means?” said Mark Lytte, peering through the tangled thicket of hazel and sumach, where the earliest autumn dyes had begun to lay their crimson.

Buckskin, before answering his young comrade, pondered on the scene before him. In the hollow nestling at the foot of the hill and clasped in the bend of the river lay the large Indian village, all astir with motion and excitement. But it seemed not to be the fever of war and slaughter which so often convulses the aboriginal man, but a jubilee of mirth and innocent delight. They were looking down on one of the most considerable towns of the Seneca tribe in western New York, near what is now Olean. Hurrying

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

through the village streets, laughing groups of dark-skinned youths and maids carried wreaths of wild-flowers, branches of trees, and great sheaves of maize-stalks towards a lofty pole which towered in the centre.

"To think I shouldn't 'a' known quick as powder flashin'!" finally said Buckskin John, whose iron face and tanned skin showed his occupation no less than his garb. "It's the Feast of the Green Corn* among these Iroquois devils, an' then they're allus as frisky as so many lambs. They put off the wolf-skin for a while, but they keep it mighty handy, I kin tell ye."

"Perhaps it 'll give us a better chance to try our luck," answered Mark, whose face was that of a lad of sixteen, though his height and the sturdy square of his chest looked older. He wrung his hands excitedly, and

*The Feast of the Green Corn among the powerful Iroquois Confederacy, or Six Nations, occurred in the latter part of August or early September. Its rites so resembled the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles that it furnished an additional argument for the notion that the American Indians were remotely descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

continued, with a quiver in his voice, shaking his long rifle in the direction of the village: "What *can* we do? I shall go crazy if we fail. Mother's grievin' to death, fadin' each month into a mere shadder. 'Twas all right till last year, Buckskin, and she showed no sign but what she'd a'most forgot about our lost Nellie. Then we heard of the little white gal in Cornplanter's village, and that he was the very chief who made the raid when we lived at Fort Pitt. Then Cunnel Johnson over to Fort Niagara, though he did fight agin us in the late war, came to see Cornplanter six months ago. An' the chief would say nuthin' but that the little gal, whoever her parents were, was no longer white, but Indian, his adopted sister, whom he loved dearer than life. That broke mother's heart, for she began to pine soon as she found as Cornplanter ud never let the captive free."

Mark's brief rehearsal did scant justice to a typical drama of the border. Six years before, during the early days of the Revolutionary War, a war-party of the Senecas had

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

made an irruption into western Pennsylvania, and among their captives was a girl of four years old belonging to the Lytte family. The great chief who shares with Red Jacket the highest mark in Seneca tradition took the trembling captive to his mother with the words:

"My mother, I bring to you a daughter to supply the place of my brother, killed by the Lenapé six moons ago. She shall dwell in my lodge and be my sister." So little Eleanor Lytte became Ma-za-ri-ta, "the Ship under Full Sail," so named from her joyous and energetic disposition.

"Waal, we'll have to go slow," Buckskin had answered his companion. "I'll resk my topknot to help ye, lad, but we'll see how the lan' lays." The old hunter knew that at this festival-time hospitality would be flung with both hands to all comers. So they moved down the hill into the main village street, where a tall Indian, with all the insignia of a great sagamore in his tattooing, head-dress, and port, received them with a grave welcome.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"My white brothers have come to the green-corn feast of the Senecas. They are welcome. Our hearts are glad, and all we have is theirs." Then he ordered his guests conducted to a well-built log-house, where a generous provision for all their wants was found. They had scarcely satisfied their simple needs when the music of Indian flutes and drums drew them to the door, and there they found the messenger ready to conduct them to the "long house," where the procession was forming which would begin the festivities.

Foremost, hand-in-hand with the chief, was a brilliant little figure, a girl about ten years old. With a skin naturally snow-white, but now kissed to a ruddy hue by the sunshine, and long, brown plaits glittering with the most brilliant beads; petticoat and bodice of the finest broadcloth, and around her neck and shoulders rows of silver brooches and strings of white-and-purple wampum; on her feet deer-skin moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills, contrasting with the scarlet leggings above—Ma-za-ri-ta looked,



“MA-ZA-RI-TA LED THE CHANT AS THEY ADVANCED ABOUT THE PILLAR”



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

indeed, the fit princess of the revels. The pride which shone in Cornplanter's eyes, the admiration with which all the Indians gazed on the dancing-girl—for her feet had already begun to move to a nimble measure—struck a chill to the heart of Mark, for it seemed a portent of sure defeat. Her blue eyes sparkled with joy as she danced in the van, followed by the Seneca girls in pairs, all attired in gala dress, and with wreaths of flowers on their heads. Then came Cornplanter and his lesser chiefs, the warriors, the squaws, and the children, and the march advanced to the pole in the centre of the village, shaped in a square enclosure, that painted pole horribly etched with the scars of innumerable tomahawks when the frenzy of war-dancing made it the symbol of the enemy's body. Now the great mast was belted thick with greenery to its very top, corn-stalks with pendent ears, bunches of golden-rod, and all the richest spoil of the thickets and meadows. Ma-za-ri-ta's sweet voice, as the dance of the maidens gyrated more and more swiftly about the gorgeous pillar, led the chant

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

among the more shrill and unmusical notes of her companions.

Mark edged his way through the throng, for a fancy had suddenly come to him, and he stood in the inner ring next the circle of dancers.

"Nellie! little Nellie! don't you remember Mark?" he said, in a piercing whisper, as she approached several paces in the van of her choir.

Ma-za-ri-ta slowed her pace, looking at him wonderingly with a flush of offended pride, for the little princess felt she was the queen of the Senecas, child as she was. Again, as she neared his place she heard the words, "Nellie, *can't* you remember?" The beautiful child face was troubled, as though some dumb, vague memory were stirring under the surface, but again she moved on, shaking her head. Bitterly did Mark bewail his failure to Buckskin, for, "I'm sure," he said, "she is our lost Nellie, and I can see our mother's look in her pretty eyes." Something worked like yeast in the old hunter's thoughts as he listened in silence to Mark's

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

passionate, rambling words that night, when all the camp was hushed to silence and they lay tossing on their bear-skins.

"Why don't you answer?" the boy burst out, with petulance.

"Mark, I'm glad," the other said, deliberately, "that there seems to be no chance of takin' the little gal away by force or cheat-in'. I rayther guess there's a doggone poor show of doin' anything that-a-way, and we might 'a' known it afore. But I'll swar she's her mother's darter, as ye said a minnit since, and when ye talk about the mother, thar's the key of the hull sityvashun, as the lawyer chaps ud say. Ye don't quite unnerstan' what I mean, hey? Waal, it's jes' this, my young master. Your mammy must come down here to Cornplanter's village, and she'll do mor'n all the guns and bagnets of General St. Clair's army to get the little gal back, ef so be she is the right one, and I genooinely believe it. The chief loves his adopted sister with every drop of his blood, and his people adore her as their little princess. They'd lay their lives down afore givin' her up, on-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

less ye tech 'em jes' right. But I know 'em well, bloodthirsty varmints and wild beasts as they are when you cross 'em, and a red-skin's got a heart as beats big and strong as any white man's, ef ye can find it oncet. Then I've heerd uv Cornplanter fur the last fifteen year, and they all say he's one of the best as well as bravest critturs as ever wore a scalp-lock. Cheer up, laddie; we'll git her, but we can't do it yet. Trust ole Buckskin's idee."

Buckskin's solace scarcely calmed Mark's restlessness, and after the hunter's snores proved him in the realm of dreams he arose with the idea of strolling through the moonlit village and walking off the fancies that would not let him sleep. The lonely streets were wrapped in the pallid shine which silhouetted the log-houses and the trees in ghostly shadows, and, had it not been for the occasional howl of a distant wolf or the snarl of an Indian dog, he might have fancied himself the only waking creature. He wandered aimlessly, in a maze of fear and doubt as to what would be the outcome of it all. His

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

careless footsteps finally carried him to the edge of the village, where, at the very shadow of the forest, stood a large double house apart from all the others. Then he saw he was not the only sleepless soul, for from its doorway glided a figure whose height and garb—for the moonlight glittered on the costly beadwork—showed it to be the one who filled his heart full to bursting. He forgot all prudence and doubt, and sprang forward swiftly.

“Nellie! Nellie!” he cried, in tones that cut the silent air like a knife. “I am your brother Mark—your playmate that loved you so dearly. Come home with me to mammy, who is dying for you, away from this dreadful place. A long time ago they carried you away from us, and now I’ve found you again, and will not let you go, my darling little sister.” He forgot all the surroundings—all but need of giving voice to the feeling that shook him as the wind shakes the leaves in the trees.

Ma-za-ri-ta’s face quivered in the starlight as she shrank from the hand that eagerly clutched her arm, as if he would have led

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

her away at once; then something like half-awakened intelligence was quenched in a wave of blind terror, and she shrieked aloud.

A tall figure leaped like a tiger from the dark of the doorway, and Mark felt the grip of iron fingers on his throat which threatened to strangle him. As he lay helpless in that clutch, he saw an upraised tomahawk sparkling in the moonshine; but Cornplanter did not strike, though his words were edged with cutting disdain.

"Such is the honor of pale-faces," said he; "from the cub to the full-grown wolf the same. The Senecas welcomed their guests and did them honor. Their hearts were warm and friendly, for it is now their festival of peace and good-will. But what should they do to one who would steal in the dark and rob them of their dearest?"

"Do?" said another voice, for Mark was speechless with rage, shame, and impotence, and Buckskin darted forward, grasping Cornplanter's uplifted arm, though the chief showed no immediate purpose to use his gleaming weapon. "Do? They should re-

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

spect the voice of natur' and blood cryin' aloud!" Honest Buckskin had wakened suddenly, and, alarmed at Mark's absence, sought him through the Indian village. "Look ye here, chief, this is a foolish boy, and he couldn't 'a' done what ye think had he been in ever so much airnest. But he suspects he's found his little sister that you and yourn took from his mammy's arms six year ago durin' the time o' fightin'. The great Seneca is just; and let him say, then, who's the thief, ef it comes to a matter o' stealin'."

The fierceness of Cornplanter's eyes still threatened the offender in spite of the hunter's plea. But Ma-za-ri-ta, who had listened with shifting emotions chasing over her face, vainly striving to pierce the meaning of the words, now threw her arms about the neck of the chief and spoke rapidly in the Seneca tongue. The Indian's stern aspect melted and took on its more wonted expression, in which there was something almost benignant.

"Go without harm even while it is night," he said, "lest the Senecas discover all, and

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

sore mischief befall." He brought them their arms, loaded their wallets with food, and dismissed them. And as Mark turned before entering the forest he caught a last look of Ma-za-ri-ta, watching their retreating footsteps with clasped hands and head bent forward.

It was about a week afterwards that Colonel Johnson received a visit at Fort Niagara, in Canada, just across the river, which whetted his interest keenly. This whilom British agent of the Iroquois tribes still exercised a powerful influence over them, though their territory now belonged to the conceded limits of the new republic. To him they looked even yet for advice and authority. He recognized the Lyttes, mother and son (for the father was dead), and his feelings guessed shrewdly at the occasion as they walked up the esplanade from the jetty where they had landed.

"Well, Mrs. Lytte," he said, after the first look at her pale and working features, which were full of news, "I see you've learned something more."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

"Cunnel, in the name of God, and for the sake of your own dear wife and children, you must help me now," the woman gasped, for her throat was too full. "Mark has jes' come from Cornplanter's village, and he says for sure and sure it's little Nellie. An' she didn't know him! But, Cunnel, she will know the mammy that bore her and gave her suck, for I'll die of a broken heart ef she don't."

"We must trust for the best, my dear lady," said he, cheerily. "The first thing will be the child's knowing you. That clearly proven, the question will be as to Cornplanter. It will be a knock-down blow, but the Seneca has great qualities. He may set his face against it like flint, yet I shall be surprised if he thinks of self alone in the matter. And what idea did you get of Cornplanter?" he concluded, turning to Mark.

"Pretty good for an Indian," said Mark, moodily; "but ef he don't give up Nellie to mother, I'll brain him with his own hatchet, ef I die for it next minute."

"Well crowed, young cockerel," laughed

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

the Colonel, "but we'll find better weapons than tomahawks. It's the heart and not the skull we've got to reach." There was no need to waste time, and quick outfit was made for the journey to the Seneca village, about eighty miles away.

Cornplanter received the message from the Indian runner, giving warning of Colonel Johnson's proposed visit, but with no further hint of purpose. Yet he felt a keen pang of foreboding. Stoic as he was, there was something in the air that mocked him with the notion of fate lying in ambush close at hand. As Ma-za-ri-ta afterwards recalled, the chief treated her with a clinging, pathetic tenderness during these days she had never known before. And finally, when he saw with Colonel Johnson the youth who had been his recent guest, and a pale-faced woman with questioning gaze that wandered and hunted like that of a mad woman, it was no longer guesswork. It was as if a bullet had pierced his chest. The Englishman knew his man, and made a plain appeal with all the force of that bullet.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

Cornplanter heard with a stern, impassive face. "My father's words are good and just," he said. "Let Ma-za-ri-ta decide." And hope knocked again faintly at the gate that his little sister would not know the white woman who had come to rob him of his heart's blood. The girl was led from her lodge, unknowing the test, and ran gayly to her Indian brother's side, and looked curiously at the little white group in the centre of the watchful throng of red men. Her eyes glanced smilingly at her Indian friends, till they were fastened as if by a magnet on the white woman's face, and there they hung, fascinated, open-mouthed, spellbound, as though they could never drink their fill. The woman stood, arms half extended, burning eyes unquenched by their own tears, lips dumbly moving. Fear, wonder, longing, doubt swept over the girl's face, till all thought was swallowed up in a light unspeakable, and her tongue babbled "Ma-ma." She tottered, but Mrs. Lytte leaped at her and locked her fast with convulsive cries and sobs.

The chief's rigid face was that of a bronze

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS


man. All listened for his lips to speak. But it seemed as if the jaws were locked. And when the voice came his followers scarcely knew its hollow accents.

“The Great Spirit has spoken, and who are his red children that they should refuse to listen.” Then he covered his face with a corner of his deer-skin robe and passed swiftly from their midst, this Indian Agamemnon, who would not reveal his own agony of spirit.

Eleanor Lytte never saw her Indian brother again, but costly presents each year proved his indelible memory till his death.

A HOME-RUN IN INDIANA

A Tale of the Early Indian Days

HE men of the block-house fort had eaten breakfast by candle-light for an early start to their work upon the various clearings. The long, rough table would be reset later for the women and children. They were a band of settlers in the wilderness, who had arrived from Virginia the preceding autumn barely in time to build one house for the shelter of all. Before another summer should be over each family would possess a dwelling of its own and the beginning of a farm great with the promise of future orchards and fields of grain.

The severity of the winter had departed. March was bringing many days of brightness, with songs from the earlier birds of spring.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

It was now the hour of dawn, and far to the east, above where rolled the broad Ohio, the sky was rosy with the sun's bright greeting. Across the Big Blue River to the west were clouds of morning mist, which made the higher hills beyond appear like wooded islands in a rolling sea.

John Martin stood near the block-house, with his long rifle on his arm and his axe in hand, ready to start for the home clearing. He was twenty-five years old, of medium height and well formed. There was not his equal in the settlement for activity and strength.

By his side stood his wife, a girlish-looking woman yet in her "teens," with her hands clasped upon his shoulder. Her eyes were looking earnestly into his, and there was anxiety in her voice as she said:

"I hope, John, you and Stephen are not growing careless about watching because no Indians have been seen for many weeks. You know one can never tell when they may come, 'like a thief in the night.' Do you keep one on guard while the other works, as you used to do?"

A HOME-RUN IN INDIANA

"Well, no, we haven't lately, to tell the truth, Mary," he replied; "it seems like such a waste of time when there's so much to do. We've cut away the undergrowth for a good distance round to give us a clear view, and we both work and watch the best we can. I've heard the Indians were entirely out of powder and lead this spring, and they will not probably go on the war-path till they get some. Don't you worry, dear; I don't believe there's any danger now. Come on, Stephen," he called, "let's be off; it's been daylight half an hour; you can 'most see the sun."

The youth addressed was standing with their mother, a few steps apart, and they had been conversing in low tones. He was only fifteen, her "baby," and the subject of her special tenderness and care; for he was the only one of her children who had no memory of his father, a brave soldier of the Revolution, who had come home from Yorktown only to die within a year.

Though a gray-haired woman of more than fifty years, she was still vigorous, and there

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

was rich color in her cheeks. She had thrown a shawl over her head and shoulders, and come out as usual "to see the boys off."

"Aren't you going to take your rifle with you, son?" she asked of Stephen, as he turned to go.

"No, mother; I think not to-day. The fact is, I've carried the gun back and forth all winter and never had the least use for it, and it's powerful heavy, especially at night after a hard day's work. I reckon I'm getting lazy," he added, with an attempt to smile.

The mother sighed, knowing well that "laziness" in this case meant weariness; that the lad was doing more than he ought, from a boy's ambition to do a man's work.

"All right," she said, gently; "perhaps it's just as well, though I've half a notion to go along and stand guard myself. Take good care of this boy," she said to John. "I'm afraid he's overworking; you're both so ambitious, just like your father."

"Yes, mother," John replied, cheerily, "but

A HOME-RUN IN INDIANA

it's hard to hold him back; you see *he* takes after father and mother both."

At this they all laughed, and the brothers walked away, followed by the gaze of loving eyes till their forms had disappeared among the trees.

At the home clearing the morning passed as usual, with the work of felling trees and piling brush. At noon the two ate their "dinner" of cold johnny-cake and dried venison by the smouldering coals of a brush-heap, whereon they also boiled a pot of water and made "corn coffee."

"We can always work better," John had said, "for a little something hot"; and they sweetened the "coffee" with maple-sugar made by mother and Mary from the sap of trees growing near the fort.

After half an hour's rest they cut down a tall tree, which fell northward, as Stephen said, "pointing to the fort." They had trimmed away the limbs, and Stephen was "topping" the tree—that is, cutting off the small end of the trunk to go with the brush for burning. John was measuring off the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"cuts," when a large buck sprang into the clearing from the south, and paused, with head erect, looking backward.

To John this seemed a joyful opportunity. The men of the settlement had taken little time for hunting during recent weeks, and meat was getting scarce. Very quietly, but quickly, he crept along the log to where his rifle stood leaning against the stump, while Stephen had as quickly dropped from sight behind the brush. The left shoulder of the deer was fairly presented at a distance of only fifty yards, and almost instantly he gave a bound forward and fell dead, shot through the heart.

Laying down the weapon, John started to run to the buck, passing near Stephen and saying, "Load the gun, and I'll—" But the look and attitude of his brother made him pause. He was gazing intently, not towards the deer, but in the direction from which it had come. John turned and beheld a startling sight. Stealthily approaching along a little ravine, not far away, were a dozen or more savages in war-paint and feathers.

John was a man of quick decision and resolute action. All the meaning of the situation flashed upon his mind. They were but two, and outnumbered six or eight to one; they had but one gun, that empty, fifty feet distant towards the foe. But the way was open to the fort, across the clearing and through the woods. Had he been alone, he would have sprung to the path in a moment and gained a good start on the savages. But Stephen had the unfortunate habit of hesitating in emergencies. Whenever startled or surprised he seemed powerless to act, and would stand as one dazed. John had to go to him, therefore, take him by the shoulders, turn him about, and say, "Run to the fort!" pushing with the word to arouse him. Once started, however, he ran like a frightened doe—so hard, indeed, that without the restraint and guidance of his brother he would have been exhausted early in the race.

The Indians, on finding their approach discovered, sprang nimbly to the pursuit, but they had at first to run uphill, and when

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

they came to the tree the foremost stopped to examine the gun and pouches, and a dispute arose over their possession. This was quickly settled by the chief, but every moment gained was precious to the fugitives.

Any company of men in danger needs a captain, and John was born for a commander, whether of two or fifty. He set the pace which he believed Stephen could keep to the end, and said:

“Don’t look back; I will keep watch on the Indians for us both. We must not follow our usual path too closely. If the way is clear we must cut across wherever we can.”

John had taken note of several important facts. Only two or three of the Indians carried rifles, and they were not among the foremost. He believed, from the report he had heard, that the guns were empty.

The Indian who had secured the white man’s rifle had stopped to load it, and was now far in the rear. It was the evident purpose of the leaders to run their victims down and kill them with tomahawk and knife; then, if possible, they would surprise the fort, mas-

sacre the inmates, and carry away the ammunition.

The reason for their confidence soon became apparent. Stephen, notwithstanding his brother's advice, could not avoid now and then turning his head for a backward glance, and he it was who first recognized in the foremost runner a famous Indian chief named Bigfoot, known as the bravest warrior and swiftest runner of the Wyandotte tribe. It was reported, also, that he had three brothers, nearly equal to himself in speed, who usually went with him on his expeditions.

There had not been a doubt in the mind of John about his own ability to outrun the Indians. The question from the first had been how to save Stephen, and this new discovery made the situation desperate. The boy could run very swiftly for a short distance, but he lacked the endurance of a fully developed man. In spite of his brother's encouragement his steps began to flag. Bigfoot was easily gaining upon them, and three others were not far behind him. Soon he came so near that John feared he might, by

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

a quick rush, be able to throw his tomahawk with deadly effect. He said to Stephen:

"Jump behind the big tree we are coming near, but keep on running."

Dropping behind a pace or two, he followed Stephen's movement in line with the tree. The Indian, fearing an assault, halted for a moment, and by this they gained several rods. The ruse was repeated two or three times, and they were now half-way to the fort.

Here Stephen seemed to be wellnigh exhausted and ready to despair. He said to John:

"Run ahead and save yourself. I must give up!"

But the other replied:

"I'll not leave you. Don't give up. Keep up your heart and we'll beat them yet."

Bigfoot, feeling sure of his prey, had slackened his pace for the others to overtake him, and the four together were coming on rapidly. John now determined on the only plan which might possibly save them both. He said to Stephen:

"We must separate. As we pass the big hickory, do you bear to the right while I go to the left. Bigfoot will follow me, and you can outrun the others. When you strike the clearing, yell to warn the women. I'll do the same. *Go it, now, and do your best!*"

This plan gave the boy new hope, for Bigfoot had been his especial terror. As he thought, too, of his mother and sisters, and their danger, he sprang forward from the big hickory and ran bravely.

The savages paused a moment, and then, as John had foretold, the big Indian took the left course, followed by the swiftest of the others.

Then began the real test between the two runners, red and white, neither of whom had ever before found his match. For a time John turned his head frequently, keeping watch upon his pursuers, and he soon learned that the distance between them, little by little, was shortening. The Indian was gaining because he did not look back; his eye was steadily on the white man. John Martin thought:

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"I must not turn my head, but look steadily forward, and trust my ears to measure the space between us. If I find that he is nearing me, I will stop and fight; my little knife against his long one and the hatchet."

But the space did not grow less, and to the Indian, who had expected an easy victory, this was maddening. John heard him muttering curses in his own language, and they sounded like music. Then he called, in broken English:

"White man, stop, talk; me no kill."

His only purpose was to secure a moment's pause; but to all appearance the other did not hear him. The Indian strained ahead in his rage, but he could not gain. The long, quick steps of the white man had the steady movement of an eagle's wing. John did not turn his head till he had leaped the fence and given the promised yell. Almost on the instant he heard the whiz of a bullet and the crack of Mary's rifle. The ball grazed a tree behind which the Indian had suddenly skulked, dodging a shot truly aimed. Then,

with a cry of baffled rage, he sprang into the forest and was seen no more.

When Stephen left his brother's side he felt that he was put upon his mettle as never in his life before. He had recovered his "second wind," the swiftest of the Indians had gone the other way, and he had great hope that he could win the race. He *must* win, for if John should fail, who but himself could warn the people of the fort. Left alone, he suddenly became cool, calculating, and self-reliant. Before him was a bit of thicket. He turned suddenly behind this, as though seeking to hide along a ravine which bore away to the right, and as quickly again resumed his course. The Indians were deceived, and turned, as they supposed, to cut him off, and by this he gained considerably. Then, in plain sight, he took a curved path, knowing that across the shorter way were many trailing vines and low shrubs. In these the foremost savage became entangled and fell behind. And now the lad had only to make a supreme effort—the clearing was in sight; he heard his brother's voice and the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

report of his sister's rifle. All was well, and he would have gone unscathed, but in leaping the fence he tripped and fell headlong. As he rose and started forward, the foremost Indian threw a tomahawk, the blade of which cut his shoulder, while the handle struck his head, stunning him, and he fell again.

The savage, eager to secure a scalp and recover his weapon, sprang over the fence, unaware of the risk he was taking, for by this time John had given warning of his brother's approach, and the brave mother was on the watch. The Indian's feet had but touched the open ground when she drew a bead upon him, and as he paused to draw his scalping-knife the rifle sent its messenger into his breast. He fell at Stephen's feet, mortally wounded, and died in a few moments.

The mother began reloading her piece. "We may need another bullet," she said, as she rammed one "home." "Help the boy in, and I'll keep an eye on the woods."

But no other foe appeared, and Stephen, whose wounds, though bleeding and painful,





were not dangerous, soon was resting on a couch before the fire.

Notwithstanding the excitement he had passed through, he immediately fell asleep from utter exhaustion. When at sunset he awoke and saw his mother by his side, he placed a hand in hers, and there was a world of love and admiration in his eyes.

In the mean time the sound of guns had brought the men quickly to the fort. John, whose blood was hot, wished to organize a party at once and pursue the Indians, but the older and more prudent objected. The mother said: "No, that is just what they will expect you to do. They will lead you a long and useless chase, or else they will wait for you in ambush. We have no lives to spare, and nothing to avenge. We're Christians and not savages, and we've every reason to-night to be thankful we're alive. I want you to bury the one I shot to save my boy, his scalp on his head and his weapons with him. Bury him in a corner of the clearing, and put up a bit of slab to mark the spot."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS


Some frowned at this, but it was done as she had said.

Before long the story of this burial in some way reached the savages and was told in many wigwams.

Years afterwards an aged squaw came to the fort and asked in broken English to be shown the Indian's grave, and when she saw it she bowed herself upon it and wept.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

A Girl's Adventure with the Seminoles

E lived in Florida—this is the story told by Mrs. Walters—through the second Seminole War, which began in 1835, so that I grew up with the names of the great hostile chiefs, Osceola, Alligator, Wild Cat, and Tiger Tail, as a part of my childhood.

A sense of peril was always present with us. I remember the feelings with which we heard of the slaughter of Lieutenant Dade and his command. The tragedy took place in open battle, yet it seemed dreadful that so many brave men should be shot down in the dark woods, with the painted savages yelling around them.

In the spring when I was thirteen and my brother Arthur fifteen the war was at its

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

worst, and my father talked strongly of removing to a greater distance from the danger.

Among our few slaves, consisting only of two black families, was a half-idiotic young negro named Jason, who had the privilege of wandering pretty much as he pleased. He would often remain all day in the forest, either lying asleep or mocking the gobble of the wild turkeys.

One day he returned with an appearance which startled us. His woolly head had been completely shaved, and his black face dyed to a bright scarlet. He had, however, received no real hurt, and seemed not in the least terrified by the ordeal through which he must have passed.

We gathered from his broken sentences that he had fallen in with Indians; and it was plain that they had been in some measure true to the proverbial respect of their people for idiots. An ordinary person they would have sacrificed without mercy; but when Jason stared aimlessly at the tree-tops, or gobbled like a turkey, they simply set their mark upon him and let him go.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

The incident showed that our danger was more immediate than had been supposed; but there was fortunately, a squad of United States cavalry picketed within a few miles of us, and my father lost no time in notifying the officer in command of what had occurred. The soldiers, however, could find nothing of the enemy, and in the mean time we passed a couple of days in very anxious suspense. The movements of Indian warriors are erratic, and to white men unaccountable.

My parents began to regain confidence, believing that the Seminoles were gone from the neighborhood, as they doubtless were for the time. Father said they were probably scouts, and there was no telling how they might appear next. He hoped, however, that the presence of the soldiers had led them to abandon any design they might have entertained of attacking us.

On the third day after Jason's adventure we were feeling much relieved. The negro men were at work in the fields, and father had gone to a considerable distance from the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

house. Mother, Arthur, and myself, with the female servants, were within-doors.

Presently, not far off, we heard the gobble of a wild turkey, or what seemed such, although, as turkeys were not in the habit of approaching so near the house, we imagined Jason to be at his old, silly pastime again, imitating the call which he could counterfeit so well.

The notes were continued with great regularity at intervals of a minute or two, and they were so natural that Arthur would have been all on fire to seize his rifle and hurry in quest of game had he not remembered how often he had been led upon a fruitless chase by the vocal powers of the poor idiot.

"We all excel in something," said my mother, "and Jason was made to call turkeys. But I do wish he would be quiet; it makes me nervous to hear him."

"Jason?" said a little negro girl who just then came in from the rear of the premises; "why, missus, Jason done gone asleep in de shade at de back ob de wash-house. I done seen him dis minute."

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

Arthur hastened out-doors, looked behind the wash-house, and, having assured himself that the black boy had nothing to do with the gobbling, returned quickly for his rifle.

"It is a real turkey," he said, "and he's somewhere in the hollow." The hollow was made by a depression of the ground about fifty rods from the house-front and running parallel with it. Upon its farther side was a decayed stump, some four or five feet high, standing below the sloping bank, and with its top just visible from the house. Of this stump the portion next to the slope had so fallen away as to leave a large cavity capable of containing a man. The gobble indicated the turkey's whereabouts pretty definitely.

"He's somewhere near that stump," said Arthur; "perhaps inside of it, sitting up on the rotten wood towards the top. I'm afraid he'll get high enough to see me. But I'll make a circuit, and creep around where the ground is lower."

He went out at the back door, so as to make sure of not being seen. The land on our right, a few rods from the house, was very

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

low, the depression stretching off in crescent shape until it reached the gully, which crossed it at fair rifle-shot distance from the stump.

Arthur, young as he was, had already become an excellent marksman, having for two years possessed a rifle of his own, which father had bought him, and which was almost always in his hands. We had no doubt that, with anything like an ordinary chance, he would put a ball through the turkey's head and return in triumph.

But somehow, after he went out, a sudden thought seemed to strike mother. Wasn't it strange that a turkey should come so far out of the woods and keep up such a gobbling in the hollow? No, not strange, perhaps—not very unusual; and she wondered at her own uneasiness. But her nerves had been shaken by poor Jason's incident.

The house had a half-story in front, with two small windows above the ground rooms, and mother's feelings impelled her to run up there for a better view. She wished to see where father was, and perhaps might discover something of the wild turkey.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

I was close at her side. We saw father with his rifle away off across the fields, and the negroes at a distance from him engaged in their work. The stump, too, was visible nearly to its foot, and at intervals we caught sight of Arthur carefully working his way in a half-circuit towards the gully.

Father had evidently heard the turkey, and was warily approaching the spot where it seemed to be. His half-stooping posture showed that he feared the bird might get upon the stump and see him.

Suddenly mother started, and her face had a look of ghastly terror. Something which certainly was no turkey rose a little above the stump, between its shattered rim and the grass of the bank. I saw it, too, and my blood ran cold.

It was something that greatly resembled the head of an Indian. We felt that the face must be peering through the grass towards my father, while we saw the black, gleaming hair behind.

Without doubt it was a Seminole warrior in ambush, watching father's approach.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Mother gave an agonized cry. "What shall I do?—oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Would not any signal or outcry she could make be misunderstood at such a distance, and only hasten the catastrophe, since father was still thirty rods beyond the Indian and eighty from the house? Then where was Arthur, who had now disappeared? And should she by a sudden alarm cause him to show himself, might not the Seminole rise up and shoot him on the spot? She was dizzy with her sense of the dreadful situation.

But in a moment I called out to her, "There's Arthur, mother!—there's Arthur!" for I saw him among the rank grass, lying flat upon the ground, within good rifle-shot of the stump, which he seemed to be watching intently.

Once again the Indian's head was shown slightly, and we got an instant's glimpse of Arthur's rifle. But the black hair disappeared, and the weapon was lowered.

Father was now so near the scene of danger that we had no alternative but to watch.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH

Terrible as was her anxiety, mother now felt that Arthur had discovered what kind of game the old stump contained. She knew that the Indian could not fire at her father without exposing his own head, and that the moment it appeared it would be covered by her brave boy's rifle.

How our hearts beat for the few moments that intervened! Another gobble came from the stump. Father was working his way steadily towards it in anticipation of a prize, and Arthur lay still as death in the grass.

All at once we saw the sunlight glance upon a mass of long, raven hair that rose slowly above the gnarled wood which had hidden it. Father was within six rods of the spot. It was a dreadful moment.

Our eyes turned to Arthur. The grass in front of the slight knoll where he lay was not high enough to interfere with his aim as his elbow rested on the ground. We could see him drop his young face against the breech of his gun. The barrel gleamed for a single instant, a puff of smoke streamed from the muzzle, and he leaped to his feet.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

But there was a still more sudden leap from the old stump, for an Indian, with flying hair, and with his rifle still clutched in his hand, sprang up and fell dead against the slope which had concealed him from father's view.

The reunion which followed, when we all ran into one another's arms, joyful, yet thrilled with consternation, I will not dwell upon.


We found the dead enemy to be a tall young warrior, hideously painted, and having in his belt a hatchet and a knife.

He had, no doubt, entered the gully from the swamp, and seeing father at a distance, had attempted to decoy him within gun-shot by imitating a wild turkey.

The occasion proved to be the only one on which the Seminole War was brought home to us, as the successes of the United States troops afterwards kept the Indians at a distance from our neighborhood.

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

A Tale of the Montagnais in Canada

“HE hearts of my people are turned white; their blood is like the water of the lake. But my heart is still red, my knife is still sharp. Golden Horn will—”

What Golden Horn would do was lost in a burst of emotion. As he walked rapidly up the beach of Lake St. John, some two hundred miles north of Quebec, trying to escape from his own thoughts, he beat his breast with his fists and struck out wildly at the air. Though he was an Indian chief, tears of rage and helplessness rolled down his cheeks. To make matters worse, his right eye was bruised and swollen. It was undeniably a black eye.

The blue waters of the lake might have

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

smiled to see this Indian chief wiping tears from his black eye. But they were more considerate, for Golden Horn was such a little chief. He was about five feet and a half high, and only a little more than fifteen years old. He had the dark skin and straight, black hair of the older Golden Horn, his father, and of the still older Golden Horn, his grandfather; but beyond this there was little of the Indian in his appearance. He wore a straw hat and a blue shirt, his trousers were rolled up to his knees, his feet were bare, and in civilized life his name was Tom Simpson. Nevertheless, he was Golden Horn, hereditary chief of the southern branch of the Montagnais.

No one who saw his flashing eyes and his hand upon his knife-hilt could have doubted his direct descent from the great Golden Horn, the hero of the tribe. It was not a scalping-knife that he carried—only a knife used for hunting and domestic purposes. Young Golden Horn had never seen a scalp taken, for his people had lived quietly on reservations for many years. But he was

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

full of the traditions of his people. Some of these traditions, wonderful tales of the daring of the great Golden Horn, his grandfather, had been told him by the old men. Others, less trustworthy, he had imbibed from Indian tales bought in neighboring Roberval; for young Golden Horn could read. In ordinary times he was content to be plain Tom Simpson, and to hunt and fish and paddle canoes with the rest; but now that his blood was up, now that he had been abused and beaten and scorned, now let the tempest roar and the thunder crash; for he was Golden Horn, hereditary chief of his tribe, and his knife was sharp.

He had not yet been allowed to enjoy the glory of chieftainship, because he was too young. His uncle, John Simpson, was made temporary chief when young Tom's father was found crushed to death under a tree in the great Northern forest; and Tom, young as he was, was old enough to see that there was danger of his never coming into the high office. For Uncle John had made himself powerful in the tribe. He lived in the only

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

house on the reservation by the lake; all the others lived in tents. This doubt about his future made young Golden Horn's trials all the harder to bear.

The young chief had paused, and was looking wistfully at the miniature waves, his old friends, as though they might bring him relief, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He turned with the agility of a cat and seized the arm of his elder sister Victoria. Afraid of his ugly mood, and half afraid of him, she had followed him up the beach.

"Tom, where are you going?" she asked.

"Let me alone," he answered, "and never call me Tom again. My name is Golden Horn."

As he spoke he whipped his knife from its sheath and flourished it in the air—not as a menace to his sister, but to show that he was a real Indian chief.

"Tom!" his sister exclaimed, "give me that knife. You are too angry to carry a knife. What do you intend to do with it?"

She seized the hand that held the knife, but he wrenched it away.

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

"Angry?" he cried. "Why should I not be angry? Did they not abuse me? What had I done to be treated so? Was it anything to play a harmless little trick upon old Peter Sulphur that Uncle John should throw me out of the house and tell me to go play with the children—that I was not fit to call myself a man? And how did the boys treat me? They were only too glad to see me degraded, and they picked a quarrel with me, and three of them fought me. Look at my eye. They would have treated me worse if I had not shown them my knife."

"Oh, Tom!"

"I did; and they should have felt it, too, if they had not kept off. But I am not going to cut anybody, Vic. No, indeed; I had not thought of that. All I want is to go away. And I *am* going away, Vic. I am going away, and John Simpson shall never see me again till I come back to show him that I am Golden Horn, chief of the Montagnais. I want you to get father's rifle out of the house, and bring it to me, Vic; and some powder and balls and caps."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

The Indian girl looked at her brother in astonishment. She had seen him angry before, but she had never seen him look half as manly and grand. She made a move as though she would take him in her arms, for she was a sister like other sisters, though an Indian; but Golden Horn drew back. He was fond of his sister, but as chief of a tribe of nearly three hundred souls it would not be becoming in him to give way to his feelings.

"Nothing else, Tom?" she asked, her hands still stretched out towards him. "Sha'n't I bring you—"

"Nothing else!" he exclaimed, impatiently, stamping his bare foot upon the round stones of the beach. "What can I need beyond my knife and my rifle?"

"Something else, Tom," Victoria replied, hesitatingly. "If I could only bring it to you, you need never go away."

"But you can't bring it," the boy retorted. "I know what you mean. If you could bring me the golden horn I could stay at home. There'd be no more keeping me out

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

of my rights then. And I know you'd bring it if you could, for you— But never mind; go and get the rifle."

Tom walked up the little bluff and threw himself upon the grass to wait for his sister. He could not help thinking of the golden horn that once had brought such luck to the tribe, and now was lost. It was a powder-flask in the shape of a horn, and made of pure gold. His grandfather, the old chief, had once done a great service for the Hudson Bay Company, travelling on foot nearly two hundred miles by night and day to one of their Northern trading-posts, and so had saved the garrison there from massacre. To requite him for this service the company had presented him with the golden horn, and from that day he was known among his people as Golden Horn. He had carried the horn as long as he lived, and when he died it had descended to his son, the second Golden Horn. It was the pride and wonder of the tribe, the emblem of chieftainship, the talisman that insured victory in battle and kept away the dreaded small-pox.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Tom's father, the second Golden Horn, had carried this sacred treasure till the day of his death. But when his body was found pinned down under a fallen tree, with his rifle by his side, the golden horn was gone—stolen by thieving trappers, some said; taken away by the Great Spirit, others believed, in token of his displeasure, and to bring bad luck to the poor Montagnais. At any rate, the horn was gone, and Tom was deprived of this emblem of authority.

"If I could find the golden horn," he said to himself as he lay on the grass—"if I could come back with that by my side, then—then—"

It was not an easy matter for the girl to get the rifle out of John Simpson's house unseen, but she managed it, and carried it to the young chief, who lay on the grass. He sprang up as she approached.

"There are only forty caps, Tom," she said, "but I could get no more. And here are the powder and the bullets. You have not told me where you are going, brother."

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

Young Golden Horn was more heroic than ever with his father's rifle in his hands.

"I am going," he said, stretching his arm northward, "into the great forest. In my canoe I shall go to the Lake Mistassini, where the Great Spirit dwells, and where you and I have often been. Then I shall go on and on till I reach the sea they call Hudson Bay. I shall find the fort my grandfather saved, and say to the soldiers: 'I am Golden Horn. My grandfather saved your fathers' lives, and they were thankful. But the gift they gave him has been stolen, and I, his grandson, am robbed of my inheritance. Come and help me.' And they will come."

"Foolish boy!" his sister exclaimed; "that fort has been torn down these many years. There have been no soldiers on the shore of the great bay since I was born. And if there were any there they would not help you."

But she might as well have talked to the wind. The young chief's blood was on fire. If he could not find friends, he would at least see the world, he said, and learn many strange things, and come back fit to govern his people.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

For an instant the dusky brother and sister looked each other in the face, and Tom was gone, to make his way in the world with a knife, a rifle, and a black eye.

It was not the foolish thing for the young chief to go alone into the forest that it would have been for a civilized boy, for he was entirely at home in the woods. His people live upon their reservation by Lake St. John in summer, because it is close to the most southerly trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company; but when the early winter begins they pack their tents and all their goods and go far north into the trackless woods. There they spend the winter in hunting and trapping, and when spring opens they return to the reservation and exchange their furs for the simple luxuries of the trading-post. Tom had made this journey many times, and the forest was like home to him.

"If I only had more caps!" he said to himself, as he lay on the ground one day on the bank of the Peribonca, stretched out by the side of a fire that was cooking two birds which he had killed with stones. "I have

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

plenty of powder and ball, but only forty caps."

He took up the rifle and handled it. It was the old-fashioned kind, a muzzle-loader, with the usual compartment in the end of the butt for holding caps. This caught his eye, and he hastily pressed the spring, in the hope of finding more caps. Yes, there were caps there, but only four. It was a disappointment, but even four were better than none. He poured them out into the palm of his hand and examined them, then poured them back into the compartment. Something did not sound just right to his quick ear. The metallic caps falling against the hard-wood should make a ringing sound, but that was not what he heard. He pressed the spring again, and held the open compartment to the light. There certainly was something stuffed into the bottom of the little cavity. It looked like a bit of folded paper. He poured out the caps again, and pried out the paper. It was a little wad, folded several times. It was not paper, but thin, dried skin, evidently cut from the side of a tobacco-bag. He un-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

folded it, and found a rough picture drawn upon it. The picture had suffered by the folding, for it was not drawn with pen or pencil, but with a sharp stick dipped in a mixture of gunpowder and water. Tom knew that at once, for he had often used the mixture.

Little Golden Horn looked at the picture in astonishment, but without thinking that it concerned him at all. Still, it might; for as he studied out the faint lines he found a man represented, and that man an Indian. The Indian was lying upon the ground near the base of a great tree. Another tree had fallen across the man's legs and pinned him down. By the man's side lay a rifle, and near his head was a big stone.

The young chief began to tremble. This was the scene of his father's death; he had visited it many times, and he knew it at once. But there was something else beneath the stone. It was much smaller than the stone, and curved. A fold in the skin had almost obliterated it, but he made it out. It was a powder-horn! The paper dropped from

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

Golden Horn's hand and his head sank down upon his raised knees. He had found his father's will.

The birds burned to a crisp while the young chief reasoned it out; but when he raised his head it was all clear as day. He saw his father lying on the ground alone, his legs crushed by the fallen tree. Death was inevitable, and the golden horn was slung over his shoulder, to be stolen by whoever chanced to find his body. His gun would be recognized, and might be returned to his boy. He buried the golden horn under the rock, and in the terrible pain he must have suffered cut a piece from his tobacco-bag and made this sketch. It was his only chance to save the sacred horn for his tribe and his boy.

"Now I shall come into my inheritance," Golden Horn said to himself. "One hundred and thirty miles from here the golden horn lies buried. That is three days' journey. In three days I shall have the emblem of my tribe, and in six days more I shall be back to the reservation. In less than ten days they shall acknowledge me their chief."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

Without thinking further of his supper, he shoved his canoe into the water and continued his journey northward. All that night he paddled, stopping occasionally at a portage and carrying the light canoe around a rapid. In less than three days he was at the scene of his father's accident, almost afraid to look for the rock shown in the picture, lest there might be some mistake.

But there were the standing tree and the fallen one, and there lay the rock, just as the drawing pictured them. He burrowed under the rock, and in a minute the golden horn was in his hands, wrapped in a red handkerchief and somewhat tarnished, for it had been buried more than two years; but it was safe and sound.

All through those three days Golden Horn had been preparing a dramatic scene for his appearance with the trophy. It was all thought out—how he was to show himself suddenly upon the bluff overlooking the village, wave the horn above his head, and announce his return. Even his speech was ready; he had rehearsed it frequently.

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

"I am Golden Horn!" he was to shout. "Behold the emblem of my people, the trophy of my fathers! I am Golden Horn, the son of Golden Horn, the son of Golden Horn the Great. I am the father of my children, the slayer of the bear, the hunter of the forest, the chief of my people!" And old men and boys were to rush up and embrace him and hail him as their chief.

The precious relic had not been long in his possession, however, before Golden Horn began to have different feelings about it. The scene became very vivid to him, of his father lying there in agony, and hiding the horn and making that strange will for *his* sake. His father, he thought, would not have him assert his rights with such fuss and bluster as he proposed. That was a childish way, he concluded, and very likely it would not accomplish his purpose; it might only make his people laugh at him. He lay down under the great oak, with his feet against the tree that had killed his father, to think it over.

"It is because I am not a man that they will not let me be their chief," was the con-

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

clusion he came to. "Very well; I will show them that I *am* a man. But I can't do that by waving my arms and making fine speeches. If I can go back loaded with fine furs, and make presents to the head men, they will see that I am fit to be a chief. I shall spend the winter in the far forest, and return in the spring with my spoils. Then I shall be bigger, too."

Golden Horn kept this resolution so faithfully that his people had barely returned to the reservation in early spring when he paddled up to the shore with his canoe loaded with furs. He had had the good-fortune to meet other hunters, and had traded some of his pelts with them for caps and powder. The canoe was loaded down with the skins of the bear and the moose, the otter, the badger, the ermine, the wolf, the fox, the lynx, and the marten. No man in the tribe had as much to show for his winter's work. Golden Horn himself had grown several inches taller, and instead of his boyish clothes he wore a suit of furs, all fashioned with his own hands.

9

THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN

The canoe had hardly touched the shore when his uncle, John Simpson, ran down to the beach to greet him.

"Welcome home, Golden Horn!" his uncle shouted. "I have been expecting you. Last month you were sixteen, and at sixteen I meant you should take your place as our chief. You have come back well stored."

"I have brought back something better than pelts, uncle," Golden Horn replied, almost blushing to think of the vainglorious speech he had once intended to make on his return. "I have brought back the luck of the Montagnais." And he drew the golden horn from his bosom and held it aloft.

A shout of joy went up from the tribe at sight of the relic, and Golden Horn was overwhelmed with welcomes. Among the foremost to seize him was his sister.


"If you hadn't brought me the rifle," he said to her, "this would never have happened. You shall have the finest dress in the company's warehouse. I know the one—a beautiful pink calico with blue flowers. I have often wanted it for you."

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

The Hudson Bay Company's storehouse held no luxury too good or too costly for the feast that was eaten on the Montagnais reservation that night in honor of Golden Horn, the chief.

FISH-HAWK

The Story of a Day's Fishing

T was now the fourth day of his watch, and yet Fish - Hawk had not heard the voice of Wakanda. For three mornings he had bathed his sinewy limbs in the cold, running waters and then applied the purest white clay, selected with the utmost care. This was to be the last day of his fast, and surely this day the Great Spirit would speak to him. Ere the sun had risen he was on his way to the base of the bluff where flowed the crystal waters yet cold from the melting of the last snows of spring. This day he would be especially careful in his ablutions.

“Oh, waters of the spring-time, wash me clean, that Wakanda may look on me! Oh, waters of the newly melted snow, make me

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

white as your mother, that Wakanda may be pleased!"

Praying thus, he plunged into the brook until the water covered him completely. Emerging on the opposite bank, he repeated the prayer, and again dived beneath the water. This he did four times, and then, running to the falls, a short distance above the bathing-place, he gathered a ball of the wet white clay which was to be obtained from under the shelving rock. This he dipped into the stream and applied to his body.

That done, he hurried up the steep side of the bluff to the highest summit, and as the sun was rising he prayed to Wakanda.

"Wakanda knows a true man. Wakanda loves a brave man. Wakanda turns his back on a coward. Fish-Hawk would be brave. May Fish-Hawk never know fear. The heart of Fish-Hawk is blue. Wakanda can make it white.¹ Fish-Hawk would hear the voice of Wakanda. Then would his heart be blue no longer. There is no fear to hear the voice of the Great Spirit. Why is the heart

¹Happy.



"AS THE SUN WAS RISING, FISH-HAWK PRAYED TO
WAKANDA"

FISH-HAWK

of Fish-Hawk so blue? Wakanda knows all things. Fish-Hawk would be brave to catch the fish for Wihe. He would ever fill her lodge with plenty. But how may he fill the wigwam of her mother's brother? For his wigwam is great. Eagle-Slayer is a great chief, and Wihe is his sister's daughter. Fish-Hawk would have Wihe for a wife. Then would his heart be white. Then would he nevermore be lonely. His path shall never be blue."

Thus he prayed, long and earnestly, at times erect, with his face towards the sun, at times seated against a rock with his head bowed almost to his knees, until the sun went down in the evening. Then he arose, and the light that shone in his eyes—was it the reflected twilight, or had he indeed heard the voice of Wakanda? Had the Great Spirit communicated to him the means whereby he might satisfy the unusual demand of Wihe's uncle that Fish-Hawk should fill the chief's wigwam with fish, all taken in a single day, ere he should wed his niece, the beautiful Wihe?

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

At any rate, the young brave descended the bluff without any hesitation. Near the base he caught sight of a red blanket disappearing into the thicket, and the light of his countenance was still more joyous. Love now quickened the strength of his limbs, and with a few bounds he stood where had been the blanket, but he stood alone, for the wearer of the red had gone. Instead, on a large, flat rock he found a bowl of soup, a generous piece of boiled meat still steaming hot, a baked fish, a heap of corn, and a string of dried pumpkin.

Yes, Wakanda had heard his prayer, and Wihe should be his bride! In spite of his rival, Lanuhi, who boasted the slaughter of wolves, she of the red blanket, the comely Wihe, should drive the blueness from his lodge and clothe him over with a white house!¹ With such thoughts the ample feast provided by the thoughtful Wihe was soon out of danger of the crows. A drink at the brook and a bath in its waters, and Fish-Hawk soon found his deer-skins and

¹ Indian expression meaning to make very happy.

FISH-HAWK

the restoration of slumber after his long watching with Wakanda on the bluff.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was well up; but there at his feet were a bowl of soup, a baked fish, a piece of dried buffalo, and some cakes of prepared acorns; and just in the edge of the thicket a gleam of red. As he arose the red suddenly disappeared into the woods, but he had seen it, and he knew Wakanda had respect for his homage.

The soup and the fish were soon disposed of; and, wrapping the bowl, the dried meat, and the cakes in his blanket, he went directly to the creek, where from the shelter of the copse he drew out a canoe, and in this he placed his bundle. In the bottom of the canoe lay a bundle of fish-arrows, a good bow, and several fish-spears newly charred. There was no glimpse of the red blanket, but Fish-Hawk gave a low exclamation of satisfaction as he beheld these new evidences of Wihe's devotion. A hasty bath in the creek—for Wakanda loves not a dirty workman—and Fish-Hawk had shoved off his canoe, and

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

was paddling down the stream. That night he would bring his canoe filled with fish to the lodge of Wihe's uncle; for had not the spirits whispered to him that he should fill Eagle-Slayer's lodge with fish so full that he might not pass through the door?

No sooner had a bend in the creek hidden the canoe than a red blanket appeared from the woods, covering the graceful form of Wihe, and with her was her brother, a youth a year younger than her lover, and a great favorite of his. Squirrel-Leap was his name, a tall and graceful youth who loved his sister dearly, and did not want her to marry Lanuhi—for Lanuhi had lied to him once. Soon the brother and sister had loosed two canoes from their secret moorings in the bushes, and had pushed out into the stream. They, too, were well provided with fish-arrows and spears. They knew Fish-Hawk's favorite places for spearing the fish, so they would have no trouble in avoiding him. Their intention was not to discover themselves to him, but to work industriously all day in other pools, and then at

FISH-HAWK

evening to add their catch to his. With this hope they hoped to give him a large catch, and possibly enable him to win the favor of Wihe's uncle.

Towards noon the sky darkened, and Wihe cast an anxious glance in the direction of her brother. It would rain, and with the disturbing of the waters the fish would be difficult to see. As yet she had speared but few fish, and they were none too large. The big fish lay deep in the pools, and her spear-thrusts served only to frighten them away. Her brother had been somewhat more successful, but the catch was far from encouraging. When she saw the gathering clouds, therefore, she quietly paddled to the side of her brother's canoe. To encourage her—for he saw the gloom in her face—he lifted his largest fish from the bottom of the canoe; and, indeed, it was a fine cat.

"Almost as big as the ones which Fish-Hawk brings to camp," he said, with evident pride.

"Yes; would that the stream were crowded with such fish! I would take them in with

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

my hands. I would not hurt them with the spear and arrows. How good it would be for once to catch fish in that way!" cried Wihe.

Squirrel - Leap laughed appreciatively. "Where then would be Fish-Hawk's name as the best fisherman of the tribe? Come; we will go down to his pools and see what fish he has taken."

This pleased Wihe; for, now that her brother was with her, she could enjoy Fish-Hawk's company without exciting the gossips of the camp.

As they approached their friend, to their surprise they found him seated on a rock near the water's edge, his head bent low, intently watching the stream; but in the boat there was not so much as a buffalo-fish. Then as they came nearer he suddenly sprang up, and the light of Wakanda shone in his eyes. She of the red blanket could have worshipped him, and her brother could have called him Nikagahi, Chief. Stepping lightly into his canoe, he bade them follow, as he began paddling rapidly towards the

FISH-HAWK

lake where the creek ended. Instinctively they obeyed, for was he not a chief?

What was that shimmer near the water's surface? A great buffalo - fish! Instantly Squirrel-Leap had dropped his paddle and struck the fish with his spear, but before he could lift it into the canoe another appeared right at his side, and he lifted that in with his hands. He looked up for Wihe's approval, but she was busy, too, lifting the fish with her hands even as she had but a few minutes before wished without hope to do. Then he looked towards Fish-Hawk, but that Indian was plying his paddle with all his wonderful strength, utterly regardless of the myriads of shining backs about him. Or, if he regarded them, it seemed as though he were in a fright to flee from the fish. Squirrel-Leap called, but he heard not, as the distance between them was rapidly increased. Then Wihe called, and he missed only a stroke to shout back the command to follow.

"See how the muddy water grows," said Wihe, taking up the paddle again.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"The creek is rising, for the old stump is no more to be seen," said Squirrel-Leap, pointing to where the waters boiled about a submerged obstruction.

By this time Fish-Hawk had reached the lake, and was dragging his canoe to the highest point of a sand-bar that lay opposite the mouth of the creek. That done, he ran to the water's edge, waded out into the shallows, and began casting the fish towards his canoe high on the sand. There were thousands of them. It seemed as if all the fish of the stream, now suddenly grown to a mighty river, were being tumbled over the shelving slopes of the bar by the rushing waters.

In a moment Wihe and her brother had joined him, and were hard at work casting the fish into their canoes, which they had also beached.

But it was not work. For the first time in Wihe's experience she fished, and laughed, and called it sport. And Squirrel-Leap for the first time thought it fun also to take the bass and the buffalo and the cat, for the Indian never hunts nor fishes for sport.

FISH-HAWK

But the experiences of this happy day were not altogether new to Fish-Hawk. Once before, while he was yet a mere boy, he chanced to be alone at the mouth of a creek much like this one on which his people were now camped, when a sudden cloudburst a few miles up-stream had raised the waters and made them so muddy as to bring all the fish to the surface for air, and to drive them far out into the lake, where they were safe in pure water. On that occasion he had filled his little canoe with fish taken by his hands in the shallows of a reed-covered sand-bar.

When he brought his load of fish to camp that day his Indian instinct for glory and brave deeds forbade his revealing the true method of his wonderful catch, and ever after he was known among his people as Fish-Hawk.

Now Wihe knew and Squirrel-Leap comprehended the "wonderful pool," but they did not stop to think about it until the three canoes would not hold another fin.

What though the skies were dark, and the

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

rain poured in torrents, and the early spring thunder pealed along the heavens? They were Indians, and felt nothing. But their hearts were human, and there was no shadow there, for Eagle-Slayer was a great chief, and he would keep his word when the fish filled his wigwam; and on the morrow there would be much feasting in his camp.

THE END



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